# THE LIVING AGE

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## AROUND THE WORLD

*The Lion and the Bear*

Moscow's concern at recent developments in Europe is justified by appearances if not by facts. Their ultimate cause is the secular rivalry between Russia and England in Asia, rather than Communist propaganda. The latter is the façade of the anti-Bolshevist argument, but presumably no responsible British statesman honestly fears Communism at home. Third International propaganda in China, India, Indo-China, and the Netherlands Indies, however, constitutes a real danger to the Colonial Powers. The *cordon sanitaire* linked up around the Soviet Union by Britain's precautionary measures in the Baltic, and by Mr. Chamberlain's coöperation with Mussolini in the Balkans and the Levant, was probably tightened during the visit of President Doumergue and M. Briand to London. The Peking and Shanghai raids on Soviet premises in China, the Arcos raid in London, and Poincaré's proclamation of an anti-Communist campaign at Bar-le-Duc, are commonly interpreted as interrelated. Mr. Chamberlain and the British Cabinet are now said to favor Poincaré's stiff policy toward Germany, primarily to force Berlin to join the anti-Russian bloc. Pertinax, who usually knows what he is talking about, blurted this out in a recent editorial. England has also gained France's support for a stronger policy in China. It is no mere coincidence that M. Albert Sarraut, the former Governor-General of Indo-China, should have made Communist agitation in France's Asiatic colony a main issue in his anti-Communist campaign at home. Reaching even further, we hear discreet suggestions, in the Japanese press, of a tacit, if not formal, renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Certainly Japan is taking a more resolute attitude toward China since the formation of the Tanaka Ministry, and her papers begin to criticize our refusal to coöperate in a drastic policy toward Chinese Communism. The Italian press features this joint action of the Powers as 'a crusade against disorder,' and links our own Government with the others through a sensational account of a Bolshevist plot to blow up the naval arsenal at Cavite in the Philippines. The Paris press headlined in Lindbergh

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capitals Ambassador Herrick's Memorial Day speech at the cemetery of Suresnes, in which he declared that America could not stand idly by while a handful of men, who had made themselves masters of an amiable race, strove with diabolical ingenuity to undermine our own institutions and poison the minds of our citizens. The *Saturday Review*, while believing that Austen Chamberlain urged M. Briand during their recent London conversations to join Britain in breaking with Russia, thinks that France will hesitate to do so, unless she can 'obtain far greater concessions from Great Britain in other fields than the British public is ever likely to accord.' Nevertheless, it notes Sir Austen Chamberlain's increasing aloofness toward Germany, and considers it no exaggeration to say that 'at the present moment Germany finds her claims for the benefits foreshadowed at Locarno greeted at least as coldly in London as in Paris.' *L'Opinion*, which is generally well informed as to Quai d'Orsay's policies, questions whether there is an actual agreement between France and Britain with regard to Russia. 'It is more rational to suppose that the two Governments, finding themselves threatened by the same propaganda and the same danger, have reacted in about the same way at about the same time — after having conferred with each other, to be sure, but without having entered into positive engagements.' Sisley Huddleston interprets M. Sarraut's attack on the Communists as a preëlection manœuvre designed to discredit the latter so that it will be impossible for the Socialists and the Left Radicals to work with them at the next election. *Le Figaro*, however, is all for an open alliance of France, England, and Italy against Communism, which it conceives as equally entrenched at Moscow and Berlin.

*British Ponderings*

Neither the 'City' nor Lancashire relished losing its Russian market through the Arcos raid, and Metropolitan and Northern newspapers reflected this opinion. After Mr. Baldwin's speech breaking off relations with Russia, however, this tone was somewhat modified. The *Spectator* admitted that 'only fanatics or casuists could pretend that Mr. Baldwin was not able to prove his charges up to the hilt,' but declared: 'What is worrying a good many members of Parliament is the suspicion that we have been forced to take this very grave action at this juncture in order to justify an ill-timed raid on the Arcos offices, undertaken without due consideration, and without Cabinet authority.' The *Nation and Athenæum* said: 'The discoveries brought to light by the raid . . . implicate the Trade Delegation in illegitimate activities of espionage and propaganda. . . . But when we have said this we have extracted every scrap of significance that properly attaches to Mr. Baldwin's revelations. And we are still a long way short of adequate justification for the very grave step of breaking off diplomatic intercourse. . . . I think most people were surprised that there was so little in this Joanna Southcott's box.' The *New Statesman* managed to condemn the Arcos raid and to approve the break with Moscow in one breath.

The fight on the Trade-Union Bill continues, but with surprising perfunctoriness considering the vital importance of that measure. The debates have illustrated abundantly the difficulty of defining clearly legal and illegal acts in so complex a field as employment relations in modern industry. When asked if a strike of railway men and other transportation workers to help coal miners engaged in a legitimate

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trade dispute would be lawful under the proposed act, the Attorney-General promptly said, 'No.' Whereupon, to elucidate the law, one of the legal lights on the Tory side explained that if in case of a strike in an industry producing a particular article employers attempted to import that article in order to supply their customers, the transport workers might properly refuse to carry the goods, for in that case the strike would not be for the purpose of coercing the Government or the community, but for 'perfecting the arrangements brought about by the strike.' This illuminating distinction went by the board, however, when Mr. Lloyd George forced the Government to declare that railway men who refused to handle imported coal during a coal strike would be breaking the law. In Ireland the Liquor Bill, over which there has been so much controversy, has been adopted. Its most important feature provides for the reduction of licenses, which have hitherto been granted with extreme liberality. For example, Ballaghaderreen has seventy-two pubs out of two hundred and nineteen houses, and of the forty houses in Castletownbere twenty-four are saloons. All accounts of the late campaign agree as to the apathy of the voters. Proportional representation takes some of the competitive kick out of an election, and the Free State majority — as it proved to be — was not wildly enthusiastic. Stephen Gwynn described a typical gathering as 'oddly silent. . . . There was no applause, no interruption. . . . They stayed where they were and listened.' An Irish contributor to the *New Statesman* said the campaign speakers acted as if 'they would welcome interruptions as a relief from the stony silence of the small knots of wooden-visaged voters clustered about their platforms.'

*From the Seine to the Spree*

*Écho de Paris*, alarmed at the growing coöperation between Radicals, Socialists, and the Communists in the Chamber, wants Poincaré to dissolve Parliament in order to defeat that 'unholy alliance.' The recent restlessness in the Chamber, which has caused some to predict an early overthrow of the Cabinet, is attributed to the fact that the Left majority has forgotten the financial panic and has discovered that the Ministry's proposed High Tariff Law, and likewise some features of the Electoral Reform Bill, are unpopular with the rank and file of the voters. Nevertheless, the deputies probably retain so vivid a memory of their unpopularity at the time of the collapse of the franc that they will toe M. Poincaré's chalk mark until the next election. Of course, this omits the Communists, who accept no discipline, and who are heartened by their success in the recent by-election in the Department of the Aube, where there was a clear turnover of six thousand votes from the Radicals to their Party, thus depriving the Conservatives of the seat. This steady drift of the rank and file of the voters to the Left hampers the Government greatly in its campaign against the Reds. No such considerations restrain the Spanish and Portuguese dictators, who in order to be in fashion have also decided to organize a common front against Bolshevism. Seven years ago Borodin of Canton fame was sent to Spain by Moscow with gold and Spanish-speaking aides to organize a Communist Party. He made rapid progress until the Directory seized the power and put a summary end to such activities. The Communists then transferred their base to Portugal, where they have organized cells in all branches of labor, in the fleet, in the army, and in the Republican Guard, and took an active part in the last

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abortive revolution against the Government.

Germany apparently aspires to be a mediator between the anti-Bolshevist West and the Bolshevist East, to the great disgust of *Le Temps* and the Conservative Paris press. It is understood that Chicherin has negotiated at Berlin for permission for a number of members of the Arcos Company to come to Germany and wind up their British business there. The Ministry did not altogether welcome the proposal, and German business men, who have found Russian trade less profitable than anticipated, imagine that it will be worse than ever now that Britain has discountenanced the Soviets. In general, German public affairs are even less calculated at present than those of France to excite interest in the world at large. The Annual Congress of the Social Democratic Party at Kiel last May was not even mildly agitatory. The delegates, like those at the Socialist Congress in France a little earlier, were mainly preoccupied with questions of Party tactics. The Communists have attracted to their ranks the more romantic and insurgent minds in both countries, leaving the formerly revolutionary parties in control of prosaic politicians and trade-union leaders. Dissatisfaction exists in the Left Wing of the Clericals, which consists largely of non-Socialist workingmen, who are said to be drifting into the Socialist camp, and Chancellor Marx and ex-Chancellor Wirth are waging a Tetzel-Luther fight over the true Party faith. The Nationalists are also having difficulty keeping their flock within a single fold. A majority seem resigned to accepting the Republic *pro tempore*, with dwindling interest in the termination of the *tempore*. Yet Southern Germany is reported to view with growing distrust and dislike the present Cabinet of Berlin, which it suspects of Junker designs upon the Constitution.

*Eastern Europe*

For some reason the world's busy grievance committee seems to have overlooked the troublous zone on Poland's eastern border, where White Russians and Ukrainians nurse a growing hatred for their new masters. They protest that their section of the country is used as a sort of penal colony for Warsaw's incompetent and erring officials, who harry the land like a plague of locusts. They also claim that their farms are arbitrarily appropriated to be given to Polish veterans, that their Orthodox churches are confiscated by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, and that many other injustices are inflicted upon them. As a result they have formed a great semisecret society, which probably has little sympathy with Communism, but which instinctively seeks support from Moscow. As if this were not enough, Galicia, as well as the Ukrainian Republic, which now forms part of the Soviet Federation, is stirred by a *sub rosa* agitation in favor of uniting all Little Russians under a single government. Warsaw is said to encourage the secessionist spirit in the Ukraine proper, apparently assuming that it will not spread to the large kindred population in its own territories, or that the whole area can be joined to Poland by federal ties. Ukrainian Communists are probably as true to their social creed as their Moscow brethren. They are also as intensely nationalist, apparently, as any section of a hated bourgeoisie. Their country contains people of several different tongues —Little Russians, Great Russians, Jews, Poles, Greeks, Germans, and minor breeds. One man in four does not speak Ukrainian. The proportion is much larger in the big cities. Yet the Ukrainian Communists, who have a separate republic of their own, will not permit

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Russian to be taught in the schools. They have even compelled the Jews to set up Hebrew schools — although these persecuted people for the most part do not know a word of Hebrew — rather than allow them to be taught in Russian or Yiddish, the only languages at their command. In Odessa the post office notices are printed in Ukrainian and French in order to avoid employing Russian. Plenty of tinder exists, therefore, ready to flash into flame whenever a match, like the assassination of the Soviet envoy at Warsaw, is struck.

*The Baffling Balkans*

The fickle health of King Ferdinand of Rumania has taken such a turn for the better that he was able to screw up the courage to dismiss his friend, Premier Averescu. It will be recalled that this powerful politician had already got himself into some trouble by his high-handed methods during his sovereign's illness. King Alexander of Yugoslavia finds himself in an even tighter position than the Rumanian ruler. His country has suffered from a succession of feeble, divided governments whose ineptitude has been largely responsible for the difficulties with Italy and Albania. He is said to favor giving the Croats and Slovenes a larger hand in public affairs than heretofore, so that they will be changed from obstructionists into active helpers. The present Cabinet comes far from filling the bill, and the King, a shrewd politician, is said to favor constitutional reforms limiting the suffrage to those who can read and write, and reducing the membership of the Skupština.

Thanks to the simple qualification that every candidate for Parliament must be thirty years of age and able to read and write, the recent elections in Bulgaria witnessed, according to the London *Times*, no less than forty thousand candidates running for two hundred and seventy-three offices. Eighteen regular parties and innumerable dark horses entered the field, and the extraordinary thing is that there was really very little difference between any of them. Since Communists have been outlawed and the pre-war Conservative Party has disappeared, nothing remains but mildly liberal Agrarians. As was expected, Prime Minister Liaptchev, who came into power at the head of the 1923 coup d'état, was returned to office with a handsome working majority. He himself announced that he was glad he had no more supporters, for fear it would begin to look like a dictatorship.

The expected reëlection of President Masaryk at the age of seventy-seven to serve another seven years at the head of the nation he himself created is one of the most encouraging events in recent European history. The mere fact that he was openly opposed only by a Communist, and silently frowned upon by a block of Slovaks who refused to vote, does not tell the whole story. When he first assumed the presidency in 1918, and when he was later elected to that office in 1920, the German minority hated him bitterly. Since that time, however, he has served the interests of his whole country so well that the Germans last May joined the Czechs in casting their votes for a President who personally stands for even more than his lifetime's political ideal.

*Spain*

King Alfonso completed the twenty-fifth year of his reign on the seventeenth of May. The anniversary, we are told, was observed with mixed feelings in that country. The young prince was sixteen years old in 1902 when, before a grand assembly of the notables of the realm, he laid his ungloved hand upon a copy of the Bible, placed beside the golden crown and the sceptre upon a red-

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draped table between the throne and the Cabinet bench, and in a voice trembling with emotion took the following oath: 'I swear by God and the Holy Evangels to defend and obey loyally the Constitution and the laws of the land. So long as I do this, may God be my help; if I fail to do this, may He hold me responsible.' During the fifty-one years since this Constitution was adopted, however, its guaranties have been repeatedly suspended. Indeed, that became so common that the setting up of a dictatorship seemed only a trifling variation from current practice. Nevertheless, the anniversary has set the nation a-thinking; and Primo de Rivera and his friends, recognizing a revival of democratic feeling and fearing an autocratic King, would like to consolidate their power by broadening its basis.

*Egypt*

Egypt's struggle against British hegemony took a new turn last month when the Parliamentary Committee on Military Affairs at Cairo proposed to strengthen the native army, cancel the credit for the Sidarate, and refuse further appropriations for the Sudan. According to the Constitution granted by Great Britain to Egypt after the war, the army remains under British control. To abolish the office of the Sidar, or Commander-in-Chief, who is appointed by the King of Egypt but is nominated by the British Crown, would virtually nullify that provision. To be sure, there has been no Sidar since the murder of Sir Lee Stack in 1924, the duties having been performed by the British Inspector-General of the Forces. Since 1922 the number of English officers attached to the Egyptian army has fallen from one hundred and seventy-two to nine, of whom only the Inspector-General has an executive command. England responded to this challenge by dispatching three battleships to Egypt, accompanied by a Note stating that the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee must not be adopted.

*China*

At present writing the Chinese Southern forces under Chiang Kai-shek are advancing rapidly toward the North. Great Britain and the United States have dispatched marines to Tientsin to forestall situations there and at Peking like those at Nanking, Hankow, and Shanghai, and Japan has transferred two thousand troops from Manchuria to Tsingtau to protect a considerable colony of her citizens at Tsinan, which, unlike the Yangtze ports, is too far from navigable water to be reached by naval forces. The American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai has requested the *China Weekly Review*, which advocates a conciliatory policy toward the Kuomintang, to withdraw from that body, because in its opinion the policy of the *Review* lends 'aid to disruptive instead of constructive elements in China.' Mr. Powell, the editor, prints nearly three pages of letters and cablegrams from prominent local citizens of both races and from friends in America commending his stand. Some advertisers, notably the British-American Tobacco Company, have canceled their contracts with the *Review* as evidence of their disapproval of its policy. Japanese residents at Shanghai are as dissatisfied with the cautious attitude of their own Government as are the Americans there with that of Washington, and have adopted resolutions asking Tokyo to 'take a resolute and positive stand so that these Communist elements may be thoroughly exterminated.' Washington's policy is commended, however, by the London *Spectator*, which says: 'The name of America inspires greater confidence than does that of Britain in China to-day. Attempts to work up an anti-American boycott have hitherto

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never been successful, because the moderate-minded Chinaman believes in the good faith of the American Government.' The Japanese press shows more sympathy for Chiang Kai-shek than for Chang Tso-lin, and expressed uneasiness over the dispatch of troops to Tsingtau. The Privy Council is said to have been divided on that measure. Even Administration organs fear that China's boycott against Japanese goods may be tightened and their nation involved in a costly war likely to prove ruinous in the present financial crisis.

*Japan*

Japan will have a general election early next year, but political prophets anticipate that the Tanaka Cabinet supported by the Seiyukai will have a long lease of life. It does not command an absolute majority in the Diet, and it faces a united opposition in the newly organized Shinto Club, but it represents the first single-party ministry for a considerable period, and has weathered fairly well the recent financial panic. The Proletarian groups, which were expected to cut a large figure in politics under the new universal-suffrage law, have split into several factions, and show no disposition to combine upon a compromise programme to promote their common interests.

*Latin America*

Latin American and European newspapers may exaggerate Uncle Sam's unpopularity south of the border, but Americans should realize the existence of a growing sentiment there which threatens us with grave trouble in the future. *Journal de Genève* attributes the fact that our alleged usurpations in Nicaragua in 1909, 1912, and 1916 passed virtually unnoticed, while those in 1926 have provoked widespread reprobation, to the beneficent influence of the League of Nations. 'Previously Nicaragua did not exist in the eyes of Europe. Now it is a member of the League. Its independence is a matter of importance to all the other members. Whatever happens to it, whatever treaties it signs, whatever outrages it suffers, create precedents which may be used to-morrow against themselves.' A member of the Lower House in Uruguay recently introduced a resolution requesting his Government to resign from the League because the Covenant recognizes the Monroe Doctrine and thus tacitly approves the imperialist policy of the United States. *El Sol* of Madrid said jubilantly: 'The mere fact that a question like this should arise in the Chamber and should seriously occupy the attention of the members indicates a spirit of resentment that will ultimately find voice at Geneva and compel Europe to consider the problem of North American imperialism.' *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine* accuses President Coolidge of 'political myopia' in dealing with our southern neighbors. 'Like all shortsighted men, he sees nothing new in the situation there, and keeps on repeating statements that have been refuted a thousand times.' Our canal rights in Nicaragua, it argues, are entirely unrelated to the civil disturbances in that country. 'Whether Liberals or Conservatives are in power does not matter in physical geography. . . . No real American interest in Nicaragua is threatened by the civil war. Washington's intervention is purely political.' This journal is equally impatient of our conduct in Tacna and Arica. 'President Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, having failed completely in every phase of their arbitration, imagine they can leave things as they are. Meanwhile the situation has grown rapidly worse. The new dictatorial Government in Chile has taken up vigorously the task of attaching the disputed provinces more closely to the Republic than ever

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before, evidently intent on making future compromises and concessions impossible. This creates a situation which could not have arisen except through the negligence of the arbitrator, who has aggravated his blunders by his inaction, and in view of his obvious failure should have the honesty to make way for someone who can be of real service.' Colonel Ibáñez, the self-elected President of Chile, recently said in a public interview: 'These interminable arbitration negotiations presided over by the United States have been a profound disappointment to the nation. Our arbitration with Argentina, which was referred to the King of England, lasted only a year.' Great Britain has just raised her Minister to Argentina, Sir Malcolm Robertson, to the rank of ambassador, and will probably give similar promotions to her representatives to other important South American countries. This is confessedly a move to cultivate better trade relations.

To conclude with a brighter aspect of the picture, the visit of President Machado of Cuba to Washington, partly to invite President Coolidge to attend the Sixth Pan American Congress at Havana next year, has noticeably revived interest in that coming event among our southern neighbors. A suggestion that President Calles may also be present adds to the suggestiveness of the proposal. *El Universal* of Mexico City predicts that the meeting of three presidents at Havana would change the Congresses from dull assemblies 'mulling over antiquated commonplaces and enjoying no real prestige among the peoples they represent' into really vital gatherings where 'the immediate and direct depositaries of the sovereignty of great nations could discuss political realities.' Let us hope the prediction will be realized.

REDSKIN. You make me blush.
— *De Notenkraker*, Amsterdam

OUR LITERARY FAUNA
— *Travaso*, Rome

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# MISCELLANIES

## *From the Editor's Clip*

### I. AN UNPUBLISHED WILSON CONVERSATION [1]

On the evening of December 28, 1918, I had a conversation with President Wilson, in which he discussed peace with Germany, relations with Europe, and certain other of the multitude of questions which faced the world after the Armistice.

The conversation was of such interest and significance that steps were taken immediately afterward to have a written record of it made. This record was submitted to President Wilson, who passed it as accurate.

Speaking of closer relations between Great Britain and the United States, the President said: —

'You must not speak of us who come over here as cousins; still less as brothers. We are neither. Neither must you think of us as Anglo-Saxons, for that term can no longer be rightly applied to the people of the United States. Nor must too much importance in this connection be attached to the fact that English is our common language.

'The English language is a disadvantage to us as well as an advantage, because we can read in your books and newspapers what you say about us. For instance, it should not be said of us that we are building ship for ship against you. With French and German it is different, because much of what the French and Germans write does not reach the people, so less harm is done.

'No, there are only two things which can establish and maintain closer relations between your country and mine. They are community of ideals and of interests.

'If I know anything of people, it is of the people of the United States. They cannot be said to be anti-British, but they are certainly not pro-British. If they are pro-anything, it is pro-France. . . .

'The war has helped American business men to make a discovery. They have found that they possess souls. They realize that business prosperity, wealth, and power are not the only things worth having in the world. The sufferings of others have made them sympathetic. I do not mean to say that many have found their souls, but some certainly have, and that is a national gain. . . .

'I will not say that future wars are improbable, but what I have said is that if before the present war the situation had been freely discussed in public for even a week this war would never have broken out.

'I have promised to make public everything discussed at the Peace Conference. If I find anything going on in an underhand way I will publish it. This is the first time the people have ever had an opportunity of taking any share in a settlement of this sort, and they shall not be baulked. . . .

'I have come to Europe to do the little I can, but I am under no delusion. Without the assistance of Divine Providence no man can effect anything

[1] A correspondent in the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *April* 30



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which is lasting, anything which is great; no man of intelligence can deny the existence of a Divine Providence. . . .

'I hear to-night that the Ebert Cabinet has fallen and that the extremists are for the moment in power. It is difficult to see with whom we shall make peace; but this confusion cannot last long in Germany, for the Germans are an educated people, and the Southern Germans in particular are very stable. It well may be that the Bolshevist movement is confined to Berlin. The Kaiser was always afraid of Berlin, and expected a revolution there.'

## II. GERMANY AND THE DAWES PLAN[2]

THIS week's panic on the Berlin Stock Exchange is frequently attributed here to the Dawes payments. I have discussed the effect of these payments upon German business with all kinds of people — politicians, business men, bankers, and journalists. I shall confine myself to summarizing briefly some of their opinions.

Most competent and reasonable Germans recognize that without the Dawes Plan it would never have been possible to stabilize the currency and to restore business prosperity. It is impossible to deny that truth, for facts and dates confirm it too eloquently. The London Accord, by which the Allied Governments and the German Government adopted the plan proposed by the Committee of Experts, was signed on August 30, 1924. On that very day the Reichstag passed laws to create a new currency, to reorganize the Reichsbank, to establish the National Railway Corporation, to issue industrial obligations, and to control the public revenues mortgaged under the new scheme.

On the first of September the plan went into operation. It immediately resulted in the return of the railways operated by the Franco-Belgian control to the German Government, the restoration of fiscal, administrative, and economic unity, and the grant of an international loan to stabilize the currency and balance the Budget. During the first year the Dawes Plan did not put one pfennig of burden on that Budget. The second year the Government paid an annuity of two hundred and fifty million marks. The transportation tax and interest on the railway and industrial bonds supplied this sum. On the third year the annuity was raised to two billion, five hundred million marks, one half of which was raised by taxation. As soon as the international loan was floated foreign capital began to flow into Germany. States, municipalities, and public and private corporations of all kinds borrowed with both hands. The creation of a new currency reduced the national debt and the debts of the states and municipalities to practically zero. This ruined many private citizens, but it was a great advantage for the public treasury. To be sure, an agitation has been started to revalorize these obligations, but no one proposes to do so at more than twelve per cent of their face value. If that were done, it would impose an interest and sinking-fund charge of possibly three hundred million marks upon the nation — not a serious burden.

From the end of 1924 down to the present time, except during the depression a year ago last winter, for which the Dawes Plan was not responsible, Germany's economic condition has steadily improved. The public income has been so large that taxes have been lowered. Savings accounts are increas-

[2] Maurice Pernot, in *Journal des Débats* (Paris Conservative daily), *May* 19

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ing rapidly. The Government and the people are laying up capital. The new currency maintains itself at a steady level abroad. The Reichsbank's gold reserve, which on August 30, 1924, was only a little more than one half a billion marks, had increased by the end of October, 1926, to two billion, one hundred and twenty-nine million marks. During the same period the discount rate had been gradually lowered from ten per cent to six per cent. These achievements, while due in considerable part to the industry of the people and the skillful administration of the Government, would not have been possible, except very slowly and haltingly indeed, without the Dawes Plan.

One big industrialist did say to me: 'We did n't need any Dawes Plan. Our Rentenbank would have been enough to get us out of our financial and economic troubles.' This gentleman happened to be one of the founders of the Rentenbank, and no one will minimize the service it performed. But as soon as I pointed out a few admitted facts, he did concede that the Dawes Plan had done something for Germany — it had restored her credit abroad.

Let us see in detail what that amounted to. During the first two years of the Dawes Plan, from the end of 1924 to the end of 1926, it is estimated that, including the international loan of 1924, three and one-half billion gold marks of foreign capital were invested in Germany. The great industrial corporations of that country borrowed, cautiously and prudently, only what was urgently necessary and what they were easily able eventually to repay. But the greater part of this money has been lent to states and municipalities, which have not borrowed with the same discretion. Indeed, they have contracted debts so unwisely that the National Government has been forced to intervene. A commission has been set up to pass on all public loans made abroad hereafter. Unfortunately, it is merely an advisory body, and has not been able hitherto to exercise the control it should properly possess.

This lavishness in local-government expenditure has been encouraged by the revenue system, which places at the disposal of these states and cities a certain portion of the taxes collected by the central Government. During the fiscal year 1924–1925, for example, thirty-six per cent of the eight billions of national revenue was returned to the states and municipalities. Since then this proportion has been reduced to thirty-three per cent. That is an improvement, to be sure, but it has taken strenuous action to secure it.

Nevertheless, as the first 'normal year' under the Dawes Plan approaches, its critics have grown more numerous and vociferous. A few weeks ago I was talking in the Reichstag lobbies with an influential member of Mr. Stresemann's Party. Several questions of domestic policy were mentioned, when this gentleman said to me with a frankness that was as unexpected as it was sincere: 'All of those things are mere trifles. The principal point for us to decide is the exact moment when we can demand a revision of the Dawes Plan and a reduction of the insupportable burdens that it places on Germany.'

Now do you know how much this insupportable burden amounts to at present? Germany's total debt charges, including all of those coming under the Dawes Plan, represent this year 15.8 per cent of her Budget receipts. If you will consult the Budgets of France, Belgium, and Great Britain for the same year, you will find that their debt charges in every case absorb more than forty per cent of their receipts. A big

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German banker who was quite aware of this said to me: 'It is quite certain that Germany can pay from taxes alone her normal annual charges under the Dawes Plan. It is doubtful, however, if she could transfer so large a sum to her creditors.'

### III. SOME DELUSIONS ABOUT CHINA [3]

If there is one idea more than another which the Chinese, by industrious propaganda, have succeeded in getting the world to believe, it is that they are a peaceable people who, but for the machinations of the arrogant foreigner, would live in fraternal peace and harmony all the days of their lives. If it is pointed out that, as far as the present generation is concerned, China's history is a long record of unceasing strife, the propagandist is ready with his answer. 'This is a transition period,' he says, 'and you must have war if you are to have a revolution. Let us get on with the revolution that is to end revolutions as the European War was to end wars, and then will come the halcyon days of peace.' If one were still further to ask for information as to what period of China's history was a peaceful one, the apologist would be hard put to it for an answer, but the question is seldom pressed home in this fashion, and the fable of the peace-loving Chinese, though contradicted by facts of both past and present history, continues to hold the field.

Another hardy fiction is that the early traders who came to China landed at Canton among the unsophisticated Chinese and browbeat the mandarins into giving them whatever concessions they cared to ask for. The facts, well known to all who ever troubled to look into the question, are that the early merchants were a few and feeble folk who were cooped up on a narrow strip of land on the river at Canton, from which they were forbidden to stray. They were unmercifully fleeced by the mandarins, and continually threatened by the ever turbulent mobs of the neighborhood. In 1833, when the East India Company's charter came to an end, the British Government appointed Lord Napier to be Superintendent of Trade at Canton. The Viceroy declined to receive his letters, and prohibited trade with the British merchants till the obnoxious Superintendent should be withdrawn. British ships were fired on by the Bogue forts, and returned the fire. The merchants sent a memorial to the Throne, which Lord Napier endorsed, suggesting that the fortified places along the coast should be bombarded as a means of securing redress for the grievances they were then suffering. Our greatest war lord, the Duke of Wellington, was then Foreign Secretary, and might have been expected to favor strong measures. He wrote to Lord Napier saying, 'It is not by force and violence that His Majesty's Government intends to establish a commercial intercourse between his subjects and China, but by the other conciliatory measures so strongly inculcated in all the instructions you have received.' The Lion was, evidently, as peacefully inclined in those days as he is in these, but the 'conciliatory measures' advised then failed as surely as they have done at Hankow. Lord Napier died of a broken heart. He tried his hardest to make bricks without straw, to conciliate those who were determined not to be conciliated, and the result of all the negotiations was the war of 1840.

To take another instance from the history of the past. Lord Palmerston, who was the most energetic Foreign Secretary we ever possessed, wrote to

[3] Editorial in *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), *April* 16

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Sir John Davis, Plenipotentiary to China, in 1847: 'We shall lose all the vantage ground we have gained by our victories if we take a low tone. If we maintain our position by the tone of our intercourse, we shall not be obliged to recover it by forcible acts. But if we permit the Chinese, either at Canton or elsewhere, to resume their former tone of superiority, we shall very soon be obliged to come to blows with them again. Of course, we ought to abstain from giving the Chinese any ground of complaint, and much more from anything like provocation or affront, but we must stop, on the very threshold, any attempt on their part to treat us otherwise than as their equals.' Here again there is no arrogance, nor any desire to be aggressive. We had, not very long previously, been compelled to wage a war with China, from which we emerged victorious, but all Lord Palmerston asks of the Chinese is that they should treat us as their equals. In this year of grace we might very well make the same request.

We are often accused of harboring a feeling of race superiority, but all the history of our intercourse with this nation shows that the superiority complex is more developed on their side than on ours. Witness the bombastic letter written by the Emperor Chia Ch'ing to King George III in response to Lord Amherst's embassy. Witness the fact that in common parlance at Canton we were always *fan kwai*, foreign devils, and in official documents *Eo*, barbarians, until the use of this opprobrious epithet was barred by the treaty of 1843. There is not a coolie employed by a foreigner who does not feel that he is of a superior race to that of his master but that by some malign fortune the god of wealth has showered his favors in the wrong direction and their relative positions are, for the time being, inverted. We are not worried about a little thing like this. For a man, even a coolie, to have a good opinion of his own worth is by no means an objectionable characteristic. What we do object to is that, while being despised, we are maliciously accused of arrogantly despising others.

## IV. SPOOFING THE TRADE-UNION BILL [4]

I HAVE something very serious to say about the Trade-Union Bill. I don't want to be a kill-joy. I want it to be said of me: 'Cuckoo! Thy bower is ever green, Thy sky is ever clear; Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, No winter in the year.' Probably Wordsworth. But I am bound to warn the Government that if it includes that clause forbidding sympathetic lockouts it is heading straight for Socialism.

Let me therefore call attention to the historic case of the Socialist republic of Wakhu. But first, in order to show how terrible life can be in a Socialist state, where all have to work for their living, read this translation of a report from a Wakhu newspaper.

### CRUELTY TO CHILDREN
### EARL PROSECUTED

#### CALLOUS NEGLECT OF FAMILY, SAYS JUDGE

At Bhoo Street yesterday, Lord Borntired, 54, parasite, was charged at the instigation of the N. S. P. C. C. with criminal neglect of his five children. A police officer stated that he called at the mansion of the accused and found the family in a terrible state of neglect. The children were completely blasé, and so surrounded with every form of luxury and amusement that they were devoid of any sense of values. All of them were in total ignorance of economic facts, and had no knowledge of the conditions and circumstances in which their comforts were produced.

The Earl was sentenced to five years'

[4] By 'Yaffle,' in the *New Leader* (London Labor Party weekly), *May* 18

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productive labor at trade-union rates, and left the court in a fainting condition.

Well, that's the kind of place Wakhu is. Now let me tell you how it became a Socialist state.

In former days Wakhu was a happy country with a Tory government of the sturdy, reliable sort that believes in tranquillity — for shareholders. But just as it had gained the confidence of the whole nation, except the few who had n't private incomes, the Government of Wakhu took a wrong turning, as ours will if it does n't take warning by this example.

It began by making sympathetic strikes illegal. Then some of its supporters pointed out that this might give the appearance of being a trifle one-sided. So one of the wags of the Cabinet suggested that they should add a clause forbidding sympathetic lockouts. Everybody knew that there could never be such a thing, but it gave the bill an appearance of impartiality. So the Government had half an hour's laugh, stood the wag a lunch, and stuck in the clause.

This seemed safe enough, and quite in keeping with the usual methods of legislative procedure, under which Wakhu had become the refuge of the oppressed, the champion of Right, and the only country in the world where you could get plum duff.

'How oft,' says Shakespeare, 'the lightest word or deed returns to' — I mean, returns with — er — with — er — well, let's try another. 'How oft,' says Shakespeare, 'doth Fate a thoughtless word bring' — er — thoughtless word bring — bring — Oh, bust it! Well, anyhow, what I mean is, how often it happens that some apparently safe and simple action jumps up later on and bites you on the ear.

So it was in the case of the clause about sympathetic lockouts. A number of unemployed workers, lately discharged owing to the closing down of six different workshops, claimed against their late employers for victimization by sympathetic lockout. A firm of solicitors appeared on the workmen's behalf, and nineteen directors were served with summonses, just as they were setting out for the Riviera to enjoy the proceeds of their year of bad trade. Everyone laughed at the insolent futility of the charges, and expected that they would be immediately dismissed.

And normally they would have been. The judge before whom the case was to be heard was a man upon whom the Government could rely, because of his strong personal views. It was he who, in a previous industrial case, had made the famous pronouncement that any worker who conversed with another while on strike was guilty of treason by an old statute of the Picts and Scots. But he fell ill the week before, and the case was heard by a judge who had an almost exclusively legal mind. And his summing-up was a bombshell. This was it: —

1. As the six firms were part of a combine and all financially interdependent, they all more or less shared the responsibility for the losses, misfortunes, or mismanagement that occasioned the dismissals.

2. Therefore the action of the six firms in dismissing these employees must be regarded as a combined or sympathetic action.

3. This was not in itself illegal; but seeing that a dismissal is the same thing, in its effect on the worker, as a lockout, the jury must consider whether these dismissals were to be regarded as sympathetic lockouts.

The jury, taken by surprise and bewildered by the logic, passed a verdict of guilty, and the nineteen directors were sentenced under the Trade Dis-

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putes Act within a short time of its passing, and before a single workman had had time to be convicted under it.

The nation was staggered by the news. 'This,' said the Lord Chancellor when he heard it, 'is a bit of a gawdelpus, and no error.'

The implications of this unexpected interpretation of the new Act were immediately and ominously apparent. For by that time nearly all the industrial concerns in the country were in one big combine, so that, if any dismissals occurred in two or more firms at about the same time, all the directors of the combine would be liable to prosecution for organizing sympathetic lockouts. And as, owing to what was then called 'the triumphant vindication of capitalism,' thousands of dismissals were inevitable each year, every big business man in the country found himself liable to imprisonment at any moment.

There was no way out of the terrible impasse. Alteration or amendment was impossible at the moment, for a gigantic press campaign had succeeded in convincing the people that the Act was the greatest Charter of Freedom in history. So in sheer panic every director in Wakhu fled the country, and in order to prevent industrial chaos the Government had to take over ninety-nine per cent of the industrial concerns, and Wakhu found itself nationalized within a fortnight.

Do we want that to happen in this country? All right, all right, you need n't shout. I'm not deaf.

## V. BRIAND IN 1952 [5]

[ARISTIDE BRIAND has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into politics, and Clément Vautel takes the occasion to outline the imaginary ceremonies that will greet the most versatile of all French politicians twenty-five years hence. Here is French political satire at its best.]

IN April 1952 the friends of M. Briand celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into political life. The illustrious statesman is now eighty-eight years old, but he is still steady on his feet and clear of eye. His hair is white, and abundant as ever, his intelligence remains as active and supple as in the days of his youth, and his celebrated voice has lost none of its sonorous music.

'It is true,' said M. Briand to the crowd of journalists who had come to see him and compliment him as Minister of Foreign Affairs, 'that I was elected Deputy for the first time in 1902, at the dawn of this complicated and uncomfortable century. Fifty years have passed. How time flies.'

'But they pass without touching you,' asserted a courtly journalist.

'People pretend that work keeps a man young, but rumor has it that I am pretty lazy. Will a false legend grow up about me, and will it make me one of those mysterious people who give their activity the semblance of indolence?' M. Briand recapitulated with a smile: 'Twenty-two times President of the Council, nineteen times Prime Minister, forty-four years in government service. I can hardly believe that my record will be beaten soon.'

An old man wearing the decoration of the Legion of Honor, who turned out to be Stéphane Lauzanne, declared: 'You are the Nestor of our statesmen. When you retire I shall invite you to publish your memoirs in the *Matin*.'

'Me retire! My memoirs? My dear fellow, I have not even thought about such things. I can do nothing until I have established the peace of the world on a solid foundation.'

[5] Clément Vautel, in *Cyrano* (French humorous political weekly), *May* 8



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M. Briand allowed himself to recall amusing and dramatic memories of the past.

'I am also,' he confessed, 'the doyen of the French Academy, having been promoted to immortality in 1928, just a year ahead of that excellent Herriot, who, compared to me, still seems like a little man on his way to greatness. I was elected three years before Paul-Boncour, and five years before Léon Blum. What memories I cherish of the forty Immortals, who in those days numbered only thirty-six. I was well received on all hands, even by Paul Bourget, who considered me a Balzac enthusiast, and for that reason promised me his vote. The coldest of them all was a certain Jonnart, who is quite forgotten nowadays. "You have never written anything," he said to me seriously — he who had never signed a single letter of resignation. The Academy is a charming milieu. It would be ideal if one did not have to devote so much time to politics.'

Our grand old man spoke frequently of the last war, the one from 1934 to 1943, in which the white race confronted all the colored races, grouped under the leadership of Japan. 'That war,' related M. Aristide Briand, 'was one of the greatest surprises of my life, and one of its greatest disappointments, although we did wind it up in a triumph of justice, and gained, it is true, what our old military men still call victory. You remember the thunderstorm that shattered the azure atmosphere of our illusions — the thunderstorm that turned out to be only a harbinger of more terrible tempests to come. We had just concluded at Geneva the Holy Union of All People, in the midst of an impressive ceremony — a sort of Fourth of August night of humanity. All the delegates of the League of Nations were embracing each other and shouting over and over again in every language, "Long live universal peace."

'Eight days later war broke out. What a war it was! For nine years the whites and the non-whites massacred each other all over the earth — underground, on the water, underwater, and in the sky. What a host of yellow people there were! And they were joined by the Slavs, who declared that they were Asiatics too. This human flood submerged Germany, and even France as far as Meaux and Noyon. What a tragic epoch! I was President of the Council at the time of the great battle that took place on the Marne, where white civilization was miraculously saved. By our side were five million fellow combatants, French, Germans, Belgians, English, Italians, Spaniards — in short, all the armies of Europe. Opposed to us were nine million Chinese, Cossacks, Hindus, and Japanese. The battle lasted for two months, with successive advances and retreats. I had Paris completely evacuated, but this time the Government stayed at its true post. Finally the enemy retreated, and then the warfare of position commenced, calling into play frightful means of destruction incessantly developed to a high degree by our cruel science.

'During the eighth year of the war the Americans decided to lend us their assistance. It was time, for we were exhausted. But the enemy, despite its human reserves, was even more exhausted than ourselves. Then came the armistice and peace. You remember the parade of the victorious Allies under the Arch of Triumph? The Germans were there, with old Ludendorff at their head. Many of them had taken part in the war of 1914 to 1918, and they were not the least acclaimed.'

M. Briand stopped a moment to sigh.

'Peace. I thought I had firmly established it in 1927, when my friends

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were celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of my first election to Saint-Étienne. Who could have foreseen that this palace of human fraternity was only a house of cards?'

The veteran politician and international diplomat humorously recalled the post-war difficulties.

'Did n't the Americans pretend that we had to pay them twenty-three hundred billions of gold, under the pretext that they furnished us with defense material for the white race? But our war was theirs, and they understood it later when their own Negroes ravaged the Southern states in the hopes of aiding the non-whites, whose victory they had hoped for. After that the Americans forgot our obligation and returned us our I O U's. Europe then formed a union based on the same state of mind that Grisier expressed when he said, "When one has suffered what I have suffered, one owes nothing to anybody." '

At the age of eighty-eight M. Aristide Briand still preserves his touching and generous illusions. This is a point on which he should be congratulated, and even envied, for at his time of life callous cynicism is usually the rule. In brief, this romantic Frenchman, reared in the school of Michelet, has seen three wars, in each of which his country was invaded and devastated.

The first was the war of 1870 to 1871. Of course, he was very young at the time; but you know what childhood memories are. The second was the war from 1914 to 1918, and the third was the war from 1934 to 1943. Yet all this does not prevent him from believing in the possible perfectability of humanity. In international fraternity. In eternal peace.

One can only say that his stature increases more and more, for, like all optimists, he is convinced that from evil nothing can come forth but good, that the greatest fools eventually become, by a series of logical reactions, the wisest men in the world, and that the more beautiful a dream is the more chances it has of coming true. 'Remember, I have seen the last war,' he affirms.

But since he is not yet quite convinced himself, he still passes on the good word to an enraptured people with incomparable eloquence. He is, to be sure, Orpheus enchanting the wild beasts, but must one set so much stock in the tenderness of lions, tigers, leopards, and eagles? In April 1852, after having attended his jubilee fête, M. Aristide Briand returned to Geneva by airplane, since only the old-time reactionaries travel by rail or automobile. A modern statesman turns himself by night into a sort of sleeping Icarus.

It appears that the League of Nations has been tremendously successful and that world-wide reconciliation is well on its way, but M. Briand is none the less a little doubtful, and declares: 'I am working for the future. We shall talk this all over again in a century or two.'

Then he adds with a rather bitter smile: 'Build me no monuments, but plant an olive tree in my memory. After all, who knows? If it does not grow any better than its predecessors, at least I shall not be there to see what happens.'

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# BRITAIN'S BREAK WITH RUSSIA

## TWO SIDES OF THE CASE

### I. THE GOVERNMENT'S POSITION[1]

THE House of Commons was occupied yesterday in reviewing one of the most remarkable phases of post-war history — the relations between the Government of Great Britain and the Soviet Government of Russia. Those relations have been from the beginning an admittedly precarious experiment. But the risk was boldly undertaken. The most generous interpretation was placed on the assurances of a government that had seized power by violence, assured it by economic confiscation on an unprecedented scale, murdered its opponents without mercy, and openly declared its intention of overthrowing by similar methods and with similar results the governments of all the chief countries in the rest of the world. The Soviet organization had secured its position in Russia in the face of belated opposition. The assumption was that, having become the government of a large and powerful country, with great resources, it would be compelled in the course of time to abandon its revolutionary activities and to devote its attention to those essential interests which, for economic reasons alone, would induce it gradually to conform to the accepted rules of international intercourse. The experiment has been carried out with infinite patience and loyalty on the British side. The Trade Agreement of 1921 was expanded in 1924, in so far that *de jure* diplomatic recognition was accorded to the Soviet Government. The assertions repeatedly made during these six years that any British government has connived at or encouraged or supported any attempts to overthrow the Soviet Government, or to restrict the field of its international operations, are without the very slightest foundation. Successive British governments have scrupulously observed the pledges that were given when the attempt to reëstablish relations with Russia was made through a trade agreement with the Soviet. The present Government in particular has an unimpeachable record in this respect. Its members came into power after an election in which the uncertain attitude of their predecessors to overbearing Soviet claims was one of the chief issues. They did not hastily place this issue in the forefront of their practical programme. They did not force a break with the Soviet Government, as they might easily have done in the glow of victory. The international, and particularly the European, situation had by this time become extremely complicated. There were urgent tasks to be accomplished at once. Continued tolerance, continued hope of some gradual change in Russia, still seemed possible.

For two and one-half years the British Government has maintained this patient and tolerant attitude, for all that it has been taunted continually from every side — from the side of those who would have had it challenge the Soviet Government forthwith, and of those who tried to keep alive the

[1] Editorial from the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *May* 27



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myth that the Zinoviev letter was a forgery and a calumny. Rarely has any government had to endure such a contradiction between agreeable assumptions and conventions and the disturbing facts of its daily experience. The Soviet issue was sedulously kept in the background. The first stages of a great work of European reconstruction had to be carried through with the knowledge that this disturbing factor lingered on the horizon. In the process Chicherin made inopportune appearances in Berlin, just as he has now appeared belatedly and most unsuccessfully in Paris. He could not directly check or delay the work of reconstruction in which the British Government was engaged. The Locarno Treaty was concluded. Germany entered the League of Nations. Europe — in spite of a few revolutionary incursions — began to settle down to normal life. But, as Sir Austen Chamberlain said yesterday, 'In all these matters, in our pursuit of peace in every sphere, in our coöperation with the League, and in our partnership at Locarno, there has been but one government that has refused to coöperate, there has been but one government which has not merely looked askance at this work of pacification and reconciliation, but has sought to hinder it — a government as hostile to the League of Nations and all it stands for as it is hostile to the other great league of peace, the British Empire.' Mr. Baldwin's Government has for these two and one-half years laid the least possible emphasis on the obvious and steadily increasing Bolshevist intervention in the affairs of the British Empire. All this time, in spite of the Trade Agreement and recognition and the delicate responsibilities of diplomatic privilege, the Soviet Government in all its multifarious aspects — Third International, Red trade-unions, National Minority movements, Workers' Relief, and so forth — has been concentrating a revolutionary attack against the Power that first admitted it into Europe, that first gave it the benefit of the assumption that it might in time become as other governments with which civilized nations hold intercourse. Last year's strikes, followed by the Cantonese movement against Great Britain under the guidance of Borodin, — who is now revealed as an official of the government that was professing to maintain with us normal diplomatic relations, — made it impossible any longer to ignore the campaign incessantly conducted against all British institutions and interests by the Soviet Government and its agents in every part of the world. The Foreign Secretary gave an impressive list yesterday of the warnings and remonstrances that he and his predecessors had found it necessary to give. They have had not the slightest effect, as the new discoveries in Arcos have now conclusively proved. But, whatever else may be said of the expediency of the step which has inevitably followed these discoveries, there is at all events no case for denouncing it as precipitate. Sir Austen Chamberlain summed up the patient efforts of his own and previous governments when he declared: 'Still we strove, still we continued relations which had become a hollow sham. We have pushed patience to the point at which further persistence in it would become weakness or dupery.'

That is the real case for the breach with the Soviet — not that it 'serves them right,' but that the continuance of the old relations serves no useful cause at all. Those Soviet diplomatists and trade agents who, under a very tolerant convention, have been scheming on British soil against the liberty and security of the British people are now to leave our shores. The action of

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the Government is a necessary measure of self-defense. It has been followed spontaneously, and with remarkable promptitude, by the Government of Canada, which thus brings the whole continent of North America into line. It may have some effect in Europe, but it will not disturb any real European equilibrium so far attained. The cry of Litvinov and his friends that it will lead to war, or is intended as a preparatory step to war, is mere rhetorical nonsense. What other European nations may do in the circumstances it is for them to decide; but they may be certain at least that the action of Great Britain implies no desire to break off all connection with the people of Russia. No one in this country in any party dreams of relegating the fact of Russia to oblivion. Since the Revolution a very serious attempt has been made to maintain relations with Russia through the observance of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government. Those relations have been proved to be a sham because the Soviet Government has persistently defied their implications. No relations with any country can be based upon make-believe. That phase is over, and the next task is to build a Russian policy upon sounder and more permanent foundations.

## II. THE OPPOSITION ARGUMENT[2]

To understand the dismay with which the Government's decision to break off diplomatic relations with Russia has been received in quarters where there are no illusions about the Soviet Government and its methods it is necessary to glance back at the history of the last nine years. Three men who took part in Thursday's debate have had an active share in that history, but Mr. Lloyd George was the only one of them who seemed to have it in mind. Both Sir Austen Chamberlain and Sir Robert Horne spoke in the main as if they were discussing British policy and nothing else. When the Allies met in Paris in the winter of 1918 the task before them was that of rescuing the world, and Europe in particular, from the ruin left by the war. The character of that task was unhappily and inevitably obscured by two confusing shadows. One was the passion excited by the war itself — passion partly vindictive, partly apprehensive. The other was the passion excited by the Russian Revolution and Russia's separate peace — a passion also partly vindictive and partly apprehensive. The influence of these passions produced a bad peace and a disturbed Europe. But the constructive instincts that struggled with these passions produced in the League of Nations a device by means of which, as passions cooled and reason regained some power over governments and peoples, the serious business of the restoration of Europe might be pursued. The peace and the politics adopted at that time by the chief Allied governments left Europe with two distracting quarrels — the quarrel between the victors and the beaten, and the quarrel between Conservative Europe and an insurgent and revolutionary force. The hope of recovery depended on the success with which these distractions could be removed or subdued and all Europe brought to coöperate in a common task.

In this great constructive effort different statesmen have worked hard and patiently. Mr. Lloyd George's Government, after a bad beginning in the case of both Russia and Germany, felt its way to a wiser policy; Mr. MacDonald helped France and Germany to come together; Sir Austen Chamberlain played the peacemaker at Locarno. Europe gradually began to rebuild a new kind of concert in which Germany

[2] Editorial from the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *May* 28

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had a share. There remained the other cause of discord. Russia was hostile to the League of Nations because she was hostile to the whole system of parliamentary government, and her hostility expressed itself by methods which were vexatious and injurious to her neighbors. But even here experience and time brought some healing touches. Governments that had been ardent for the plan of treating the Russians as Europe treated France in 1793 changed their tone, — France among them, — and twenty-four governments one after another decided to recognize their difficult neighbor. Most of them were under no illusions about the character of the Russian Government, but they had learned enough wisdom to see that they helped neither themselves nor anybody else by treating it as an outlaw. Russia, on her side, found that even the gospel of Marx did not relieve her from her economic dependence on the rest of the world. She sought to enter into relations with different countries, and finally decided to enter into relations with the League of Nations to the extent of taking part in an Economic Conference at Geneva.

It is at this stage that the British Government has decided to break off diplomatic relations. Other governments are prepared to maintain relations with Russia, without deceiving themselves about the conduct or the aims of her Government and its agents, but Sir Austen Chamberlain has suddenly discovered that there is some danger in maintaining relations which are 'a hollow sham.' But this is not the first time that governments have remained in diplomatic relation with each other under conditions which would have made such language appropriate. No British minister was under any illusions about the old Russian Government, whose spirit and methods have descended upon its successors. Would it have been better for Great Britain to have broken off relations with that government because of its intrigues in Asia and the Far East? Do we make ourselves stronger or more secure to-day by taking that course? Sir Austen Chamberlain gave us last year the answer to that question. A breach, he said, 'would give us no weapon for fighting disorder or disloyalty or revolution within our own borders, would create division where we seek union, and would, in its echoes abroad, increase the uncertainty, increase the fears, increase the instability of European conditions which it is and ought to be our chief object to remove.' That argument received no answer in Thursday's debate. And what about Europe? All Europe has to pay for the national feuds that complicate every effort for her restoration. As Sir Austen Chamberlain well put it on a former occasion, 'If we break off diplomatic relations with Russia, we not only introduce a new and disturbing issue into our domestic politics, but we introduce a new and disturbing issue into European politics.' We know only too well what past feuds of this kind have cost the world. But Germany and France could plead in their excuse the inexorable facts of their history. It has been our boast that our history and our detachment have enabled us to play a moderating part in the quarrels of Europe. We have played this part in the last few years, and Sir Austen Chamberlain has been justly praised for choosing it. That is the part which the Government has now deliberately abandoned in favor of a policy which puts us among the disturbing forces. We look in vain in the speeches of Thursday's debate for any excuse that the Foreign Secretary can offer to the world for the disappointment to its hopes and the danger to its peace that he has so suddenly thrust upon it.

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# CHANGSHA UNDER THE TERROR[1]

BY A 'TIMES' CORRESPONDENT

CHANGSHA, the capital of Hunan, has had about nine months' experience of Southern government, and is perhaps now in a position to estimate the gain and loss in her social and political life. For centuries Hunan has been the battle ground of warring factions, and the Hunanese have the reputation of being the fieriest people in China, so it is not to be wondered at that the epidemic of nationalism has taken badly.

When I came to Changsha, a year ago, a governor named Chao was just completing a seven-year period of office. He had been a good governor, and therefore had made many enemies, but during his rule Changsha had prospered and progressed. The city wall had been pulled down and the stones used to pave the main streets of the city; the narrowest alleys had been widened; two large orphanages had been built, the beggars of the city collected into a home, and a great University for Central China was in process of construction.

I was curious as to this man's successor, and was told that the Provincial Assembly wou'd elect a man called Tang, the nominee and general of the most powerful section of soldiers. His appointment could hardly be called an election. One night Chao and his soldiers disappeared, commandeering the train and making for Hankow. The next morning Tang and the other army marched in, and immediately most of the members of the Assembly had urgent business in the country and vanished. However, Tang assumed the governorship and stayed for two months, till the advance of the Northerners caused him to depart for the South. He returned in July at the head of the victorious Southern Army, which he had joined, and, strictly speaking, Nationalist rule started in Changsha on July 11, 1926.

The Kuomintang were popular at first. The soldiers were well-disciplined, and no looting was allowed; they paid for what they bought, in contrast to the Northern Army, and any attempt to rob the people was, if discovered, punished by immediate execution. Above all, they brought with them hope for the future, for they were animated by the great ideal of unifying in one victorious whole the innumerable factions of China. Even when the main body of the Army moved on and left behind a number of Russian gentlemen to organize the new era, we still hoped for peace.

But it soon became apparent that all was not well. Government business was at a standstill, since the newly appointed heads of the Departments were military officials who passed on with the troops, and the men left in charge were mere figureheads with no power behind them. First the students, and later servants and laborers, were organized into two-hundred-odd unions. With monotonous regularity these went on strike and held public demonstrations, while bands of noisy schoolboys and workmen paraded the streets,

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *May* 23



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visiting the Commissioners of Public Affairs to get their own way; or, more simply, did what they wished without consulting anyone.

Against this clamor none can stand. Constitutional government has now disappeared, for the leaders are too busy with the revolution to set up any form of legislature. Practically all the schools have closed — the Government schools because no money is available for educational purposes, and the private schools because they are not 'Red' enough. One or two places which still exist are merely political clubs, teaching the principles of Sun Yat-sen and parading three or four times a week to keep up the revolutionary spirit. Thousands of students have no chance of continuing their studies or training for any career; but that does not seem to matter, for it is the declared policy of the Communist Party that they have no time for education.

The Nationalist formula attributes all the woes of China to foreign intercourse. Changsha has now an opportunity of testing this theory, since only about ten non-Chinese remain in the city — two Swedish ladies and some Germans. The expulsion of the foreigners began with the boycott of British and Japanese goods, when, with patriotic fervor, bands of youths raided the shops and carried off non-Chinese articles to burn in the public square. The ruined Chinese merchants probably found it difficult to understand how the foreigner had suffered in the transaction, but no one worried over a small detail like that. The evacuation was hastened by servants' strikes and food boycotts.

Strikes of laborers and seamen have now brought the shipping trade to an end, and vast numbers of hungry and unemployed coolies hang about. The fact that they are at leisure to listen all day to the fervid oratory of the agitators is of little importance to the revolutionaries. All foreigners' houses have been occupied by troops, and Communistic logic proclaims that they belong to the Chinese people. Persecution has now turned against all who, in the past, were in any way connected with foreigners. Such men as the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, the interpreters of the American Consul, clerks, and compradors of business firms either are arrested or have to flee for their lives. Most of the better-class Chinese are seeking to leave the city, since any person who has been connected with public or private good works is liable to be thrown into prison. The mob is by now quite beyond all control. Wild bands of coolies and students, among them women, seize any denounced as antirevolutionary, drag their victims to the magistrate, and, by shouting, obtain their immediate execution. It is a reign of terror.

It must be that there is some good behind all this tragedy. It may be that all freedom is bought at the temporary price of license and lawlessness. At present the outlook is dark. The leaders lack the disinterestedness and idealism of their teaching, the splendid youth of the country is being deliberately misinformed and stirred up to deeds of violence, and the common people have a capacity for passive suffering that has endured through thousands of years of war and tumult, and now submit uncomplainingly to the crimes done in the name of liberty and revolution.

Every revolution has its martyrs. Some suffer willingly for the cause; others hardly realize the sacrifices they make; others are sucked into the maelstrom of revolt. In China to-day moral and family life is undergoing a revolution that may have more far-reaching consequences than the politi-

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cal changes. The extreme forms of the new doctrines promote the abolition of marriage and advocate 'free love' with slightly dazed enthusiasm. Last December several thousand women and children marched round the streets of Changsha with banners calling on women all over the world to be free, and, like Lafayette, they are convinced that 'for a people to be free, it is enough that they will it.'

In China marriage has never been a civil ceremony, but society has taken care that it is not lightly undertaken by instituting elaborate rites and customs. All this the revolution has swept away, though in old-fashioned families the ritual is still preserved, almost in secret. Men and women are to meet and marry without any interference, and the attempts to devise a new marriage ceremony are a ludicrous combination of East and West. At a revolutionary wedding I attended a short time ago the company met in the Y. M. C. A. hall. The 'service' began — as all public meetings must do in Nationalist China — with the obeisance of the whole audience to the portrait of Dr. Sun and the chanting of his 'will.' The bridegroom was called upon to make a speech, and, quite unembarrassed, he recited the history of his courtship. The bride, who wore the usual red embroidered satin dress, surmounted by a white tulle wedding veil of Western pattern, was a little more reticent and would not speak. Other friends gave long and flowery discourses, and a sort of impromptu concert followed, the last item being the Song of Revolution,

> Down with the foreign Powers,
> Success to the Revolution,

sung to the old French nursery-rime tune, *Frère Jacques, dormez-vous?* — a curious wedding anthem.

With the overthrow of all accepted standards and manners, the most undesirable features of Western customs are appearing. The 'pictures,' a happy rendezvous for illicit meeting, are generally of very poor quality. Hankow has several night clubs and dance halls, of course unlicensed and unsupervised, where the behavior of men and girls is most objectionable; and even in the former British Concession it is almost impossible for respectable girls to go about without being followed. Many young girls leave their homes in the country or smaller towns expecting to enter the revolutionary schools or obtain lucrative jobs, and when these are not obtained they are stranded in the larger cities without money to return.

A determination to take an equal place with men in the service of their country is, of course, a legitimate aspiration of the modern Chinese girl. Unfortunately, the declared policy of the Nationalists, that education must come second to revolution, makes very few openings for training in any profession or career, as practically all the schools and colleges are closed. At Wuchang there is one Women's Cadet School, where two hundred women are being trained in military and political methods. They look smart and efficient in their uniforms of tunic and breeches, and, with short hair, are only distinguishable from men soldiers by a mark on the shoulder tab. After a year's training in military drill and revolutionary propaganda they are to be attached to the army, to be 'the friends of the soldiers, and to educate the country folk in the principles of the Cause.' I also visited Mrs. Sun's school in Hankow, where about one hundred and fifty girls, well-dressed and respectable students, were studying the books of Sun Yat-sen in order to equip themselves for posts in Government offices.

The implicit belief in the infalli-

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bility of Dr. Sun is the most sinister aspect of the new age. His writings, full of misstatements, false history and economics, are to be accepted as verbally inspired. To question is to oppose; to oppose is probably to perish. The Chinese classics may no longer be studied; the ethical teaching of the philosophers is considered entirely out of date. Education in anything but revolution has ceased, and the mental equipment of the young men and women of Southern China, fed exclusively on revolutionary literature, does not fit them to build either national prosperity or world peace. Nationalist ideals include no love of individual liberty, no desire for truth, no passion for justice. Indeed, as a Southern official told me, there is no time for such things; the revolution must first be achieved. It is perhaps inevitable that the good should be destroyed with the bad, but, when China starts to construct anew her political and social life, she may realize again the value in the teaching of her great philosopher, who said, 'The chief principles of a virtuous man are sincerity to himself and loyalty to others.'

# PRESIDENT MASARYK [1]

## AN APPRECIATION

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

PRESIDENT MASARYK was seventy-seven years of age on March 7. Largely through his inspiration before the Great War and his initiative and incessant activities during the war, there came into existence a new state in Central Europe, called Czechoslovakia, its independence being proclaimed on October 28, 1918. Some two weeks later its National Assembly, meeting in Prague, the capital, elected him President by acclamation. At the moment he was in America furthering the interests of his country, but there was never a question of any other man for the position. When in the following December he arrived in Czechoslovakia, every city, town, and village throughout the land adorned itself, in the picturesque phrase of a Czech writer, 'as if for a bridegroom.'

After the adoption of the Constitution, Masaryk, on May 28, 1920, was formally elected President for a term of seven years, and the National Assembly, which consists of the two Chambers of the Czechoslovak Parliament in joint session, has just bestowed that honor upon him for still another term. The conferring on him of the presidency in 1918 was the spontaneous tribute of all his countrymen to the great creative work he had done for them and their native land; the continuing to him of this the highest office in their gift is an equally spontaneous tribute to the admirable constructive work he has done for the State since his first appoint-

[1] From *Fortnightly Review* (London literary and critical monthly), *May*

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ment. The extraordinary thing is that before the war Masaryk, though known far and wide as a thinker, philosopher, and writer, was the leader of only a very small political party among the Czechs, and could scarcely be described as a particularly popular person even in Prague. But with the war came the day and the man of destiny. He it was who made Czechoslovakia. He had able assistants in Beneš, Stefanik, and others, but his was the directing brain, his the driving force.

Czechoslovakia is composed of Bohemia, Moravia, part of Silesia, Slovakia, and Carpathian Ruthenia. The bulk of the population is Czechoslovak — Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia, and Slovaks in Slovakia: brothers in blood. In his own person Masaryk unites those members of one and the same race. Born in the Moravian border town of Hodonin, he had a Slovak father and a Czech mother. His father was a coachman on an estate of the Austrian Emperor, and the boy, after very little schooling, was apprenticed to a locksmith, and presently became a blacksmith while a mere lad. But when he was fifteen he passed the entrance examination to the second grade of the Gymnasium at Brno, and began to study in its halls, speedily distinguishing himself as an apt and eager scholar. Thence he went to Vienna, graduating first at the Gymnasium with honors, and then similarly at the University, of which after some time he became a minor professor.

During that period he went to the University of Leipzig, and while there he met Miss Garrigue, the American lady who afterward became his wife. He celebrated that event by adding Garrigue to his baptismal name of Thomas, and was known thenceforward as Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. The marriage was a very happy one; Madame Masaryk was in entire sympathy with her husband's work, and often helped him in it. In 1882 Masaryk was appointed a professor in the Faculty of Philosophy in the Czech University of Prague, the oldest university in Central Europe. With his transference to Prague, what may be termed the first, or formative, period of his career came to an end. During that time he had greatly enlarged his mind; he had found himself; he had even made some mark as an original thinker by his thesis on 'Suicide as a Social Mass Phenomenon of Modern Civilization.' The second period of his life, which extended from 1882 to 1914, was one of prodigious activity in many directions, but more especially it saw him applying himself to the solution of the Czech national question and social problems.

From the start Masaryk showed the faith that was in him. In 1883 he published his book on Hume, in which he advocated emancipation from the German philosophy of Kant and his followers and acceptance of the English and French positivist and evolutionary teaching of Hume, Comte, Mill, and Spencer. The basis of his own teaching might have been put in the words of John Huss: 'Seek truth, love truth, guard truth till death.' He made friends — and enemies. He went full tilt against the orthodox professors and authorities when he challenged and disproved the authenticity of certain famous Czech historical documents, which had come to be regarded as sacred, for they purported to maintain that the former glory of the Czechs was like that of the old Greeks and Romans. He was accused of national sacrilege, but he demonstrated that the manuscripts were literary forgeries no older than the first half of the eighteenth century.

That was in 1886. Thirteen years later this same devotion to truth and

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justice led him to run counter to received ideas when he defended a Jew called Hilsner, who had been condemned to death for the ritual murder of a peasant girl. Almost alone in Bohemia Masaryk asserted that the man was innocent, and he proved it. In 1891 Masaryk was elected a Deputy to the Austrian Reichsrat, but resigned after two years. At that time he favored a federal system of government for the Austrian nationalities on an equal footing, but he later saw that this was impracticable. With his cooperation the daily paper *Chas* (Time) was founded in Prague as the organ of the Progressive, afterward the Realist, Party, whose programme was positive work, political independence, economic emancipation, freedom of conscience and speech, and an open road for truth. In 1907, and again in 1911, Masaryk was returned to the Reichsrat. The chief political feature of those days was the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia-Herzegovina, which Masaryk condemned. During that time, too, he exposed the Austro-Hungarian intrigues against the Serbs, and proved the complicity of the Legation at Belgrade and of the Vienna Foreign Office in the Friedjung-Vasič forgeries. Here again he manifested his unflinching courage in the cause of truth. A result of the Friedjung scandal was that Masaryk's fame spread throughout Europe. The numerous important books he had published during these years had made him known to not a few; his exposure of these forgeries made him known to all. Nevertheless, he was not exactly a popular man with many of his own countrymen; he did not, could not, compromise.

With the beginning of the Great War the third and most important period in Masaryk's life commenced. In his *War Memories* he tells us that he saw how Czech soldiers, going from Prague to serve in the Austrian Army, displayed their anti-Austrian feelings, which led later to resistance and revolt that were punished by death. 'These soldiers,' says Masaryk, 'were being punished for what I, a member of Parliament, had advocated. Could I, dare I, do less than a simple soldier-citizen whom I had encouraged to be Salvonic and anti-Austrian?' He felt, however, that he could not fight effectively at home for the emancipation of his country, and after forming the Maffia, a secret society the aim of which was to prepare the way for independence in Czechoslovakia and to keep in touch with propaganda abroad, he left the capital in December 1914, to commence that remarkable campaign for Czechoslovakia which lasted for four years and took him around the world.

Visiting Italy, Switzerland, France, and Great Britain, and establishing personal relations with leading men, he became the chief apostle of the Czechoslovak nation among the Allies. For some time he was a professor at King's College, London, his special subject being Slavonic studies. During that time his little house in Platt's Lane, Hampstead, was a centre of incessant propaganda — a propaganda of instruction, for little was known in England of the Czechoslovak question, while a certain tenderness for Austria-Hungary existed, which was misplaced, as Masaryk made very plain.

In Paris he set up the National Czechoslovak Council with the assistance of Beneš and Ernest Dennis, the latter collaborating by editing *La Nation Tchèque*, a review devoted to the cause. Subordinate to the Council were those bodies of Czechoslovak émigrés and war prisoners who ultimately were formed into armies in France, in Italy, and principally in Russia. He visited these legionaries in

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France and in Russia, where he arrived in the throes of the Revolution of 1917. The Czechs there called him 'Father' Masaryk, and hailed him as their chief; they followed his commands, which in the end detached them from the Soviets and saved them from the infection of Red fanaticism. He went on ahead to prepare the way for their passage across Siberia, and this led him to Japan and the United States. In America he saw President Wilson and discussed with him his own programme for a New Europe. Its territorial rearrangement after the war had been mapped out by him almost at the beginning of the conflict, and not the least remarkable thing in Masaryk's life is that his forecast was fulfilled very nearly in its entirety.

Before the Armistice Masaryk had had the intense satisfaction of gaining 'recognition' for the National Council and Army from France, Italy, Britain, and the United States. When the long struggle terminated Central Europe was in a state of chaos, and Czechoslovakia was extraordinarily lucky to have a man like Masaryk as pilot during that stormy time.

Having founded the State, Masaryk, as President, proceeded with the work of building it up on the principles of humanity, democracy, and national and social justice, the whole being set against a background of religion. 'Jesus, not Cæsar!' is one of his watchwords; he is a deeply religious man.

From the beginning of his presidency he has made a point of keeping in closest touch with the Czechoslovak political parties as well as with the whole body of his people. His enormous personal influence has been continuously, though not ostentatiously, exercised, and with admittedly beneficial effect. By general consent Czechoslovakia is one of the best-organized and most prosperous states of Europe. During these years it has become consolidated internally as no other new state has been. He wants a united Czechoslovakia; he seeks the coöperation of the national minorities with the Czechs and Slovaks. It must have given him peculiar pleasure when, toward the end of last year, he saw the German minority, which includes about a quarter of the population, represented in the Government by two German ministers. Dear to his heart must also have been the healing of what threatened to be a schism between the Czechs and the Slovaks; there are now also two Slovak ministers in the Cabinet.

All promises well and fair. In any case he felt able to leave the country in March for a holiday tour of two months — a hard-earned holiday enough! — in the South of France, Egypt, and the Holy Land. He had gone through the winter in fairly good health, but rest and, at any rate, change were desirable. He is a wonderful old man, though his age is perhaps the last thing one thinks about when with him. What one does think of is his gentle cheerfulness, his total lack of pretense or affectation, his zeal in interests not his own, his sheer, downright friendliness. And then one remembers by contrast his unconquerable courage, his invincible powers of concentration and determination, his greatness in action no less than in thought, and all the marvel of the work he has achieved. Among the most singular ironies of our time — in this case it is a pleasant one — is that the life of Masaryk, the pronounced and inveterate realist, should be so full of what most people would regard as romance.

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# ECONOMISTS AT GENEVA[1]

BY A PARIS OBSERVER

FALSE news travels quickly, and sad tidings have long wings. Last Monday at 5.30 P.M. the French delegation at the Economic Conference was informed by telephone that Nungesser's 'White Bird' had landed at New York. This was about the hour when it was scheduled to reach that city. The news seemed to be authentic; no one stopped to question it. M. Loucheur hastened to pass it on to the Commission on Commerce, which was in session at the time.

A moving scene ensued. After a long salvo of applause, delegates of every nation crowded around their French colleagues to congratulate them. The most enthusiastic of all were the Americans: Norman Davis shouted, 'France is always first.' Mr. Robinson, the chairman of the American delegation, shook hands with everyone he met in the lobbies, exclaiming over and over, 'This is a great day.' All felt that there was some moral relation between the achievement of the French aviators and the efforts the nations were making at Geneva to lower the barriers that separate them. The distance between the continents had been abolished. A single act of courage and of faith had conquered the ocean. The impossible had become easy.

An hour later the French delegates and journalists met in M. Loucheur's parlor. The former minister, with a telephone at his ear, sought confirmation of the news from Paris. 'They say it is perfectly certain. The United States Embassy has received the same dispatches as the newspapers. The streets are packed with a cheering crowd. It's like Armistice Day.' Surely it seemed perfectly safe to celebrate, and the Frenchmen clicked their glasses and drank the champagne opened by their host.

Nevertheless, most of them, including M. Loucheur himself, felt vague forebodings, an indefinable presentiment of evil. Two hours after the first news was received they began to wonder why Europe and Geneva were not deluged with dispatches from America, the way they had been after the Carpentier-Dempsey fight. As the evening advanced this wonder settled into fear, and fear turned into anguish.

The League of Nations has set up a commission whose special business it is to see that correct information concerning international affairs is quickly transmitted to every country whenever a crisis that threatens peace arises. That commission might well devote some study to the collective hallucination that made the whole European world falsely believe for half a day that the French aviators had reached New York. We all recall the story of the French airplanes over Nuremberg. During the first week of August, 1914, all Germany honestly believed that French aviators had bombarded, before the declaration of war, that ancient Bavarian city. Was that a Machiavellian invention of Prussian propaganda, or a collective hallucination? We shall never know.

[1] From *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal foreign-affairs weekly), *May* 14



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During those tragic days Europe was thrown off its mental balance by mobilizations and the imminent menace of a cataclysm. Not only the fevered state of the public mind, but also the sudden establishment of censorships and the stoppage of international communication, favored the diffusion of fantastic rumors. But in May 1927 nothing of that sort existed. There were no censorships, and telegraphic service was uninterrupted. The Governments at Paris and Washington had the fullest, quickest, and surest means of information at their disposal. By using their right of priority they could have exchanged messages, either by cable or by radio, within a few minutes. The consulates of France at New York and Boston, if asked by Quai d'Orsay, could have answered at once, 'No news.' One would have imagined that the American Ambassador at Paris would have been well enough informed of any rumors at New York to appraise their value. Nevertheless, all Paris believed for half a day that Nungesser and Coli had succeeded in their attempt. Washington was no better advised than Paris, for the Secretary of the Navy himself announced, 'Nungesser will reach New York about 6 P.M.'

Such are the aberrations of normally critical minds in times of perfect peace. What are we to expect of so-called official reports when brains are in a mad turmoil on the eve of war?

A burned cat fears a cold griddle. The Geneva police, haunted by the memory of Vorovskii's assassination, took exaggerated measures to protect the Soviet delegates at the Conference. Fifteen hours before their arrival, every employee of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where they had engaged accommodations, had been personally interrogated. From the manager down to 'boots' they had had to give complete details of their genealogy and political opinions. Each one of them was photographed and 'Bertilloned.' The train that carried the delegates was halted at a little suburban station, from which well-guarded automobiles conveyed them to their hotel. That establishment was crowded with inspectors and detectives. The Russians had to protest officially to the Secretariat of the League to get permission to go about Geneva without an escort, and to have a barricade in front of their apartments removed. All that was lacking for their defense was a line of trenches and sandbags.

At length the Soviet delegates managed things so that they could stroll around Geneva as freely as ordinary citizens. They were most politely received at the Conference, and their principal speaker, M. Sokolnikof, was heartily applauded even before he opened his mouth. He speaks excellent French, as does his colleague, M. Obolenskii; but the latter by preference uses the tongue of Shakespeare. The other Russian representatives gave their addresses in Russian, but they had brought with them from Moscow an excellent interpreter.

Since the delegates and experts at the Economic Conference outnumbered those in attendance at the annual Assembly of the League of Nations, it was difficult to find in Geneva rooms large enough to accommodate all the commissions and subcommissions. The sections on commerce and industry held their meetings at the Palace of Nations, and that of agriculture met at the Hôtel Victoria across the Lake. Several delegates, who were members of two or three commissions, proved prodigies of alacrity in getting about from one meeting to another. Of course there was the telephone, but it proved a deception.

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Such difficulties will not occur when the new Palace of Nations is built. At present only the competing models are ready, and the jury appointed to make the selection has not been able to reach a decision. It has preferred to leave that responsibility to the Assembly, which will meet next September. Even the models are not yet visible. They were set up in the Electoral Hall, where the public was to be admitted to see them; but somebody had forgotten that the International Labor Congress was to hold its sessions in that building from the twentieth of May to the fifteenth of June. So it was necessary to remove them in haste, and for the time being they are not visible.

Saturday, the seventh of May, was a busy day for the Conference. The two principal speeches of the Russian delegates, and M. Loucheur's long address, rather crowded the twelve or fifteen others on the programme. As soon as M. Loucheur had finished his talk and had received the congratulations of his colleagues he hastened away to take a bath at his hotel, and rushed back again to listen to the other speakers. He was obliged to leave, however, before they finished, in order to catch the train for Paris; for he was to spend Sunday with M. Briand at Cocherel.

When M. Loucheur left there was still a fair audience in the Hall of the Reformation. Half an hour later it grew dark, and the listeners melted away one by one. At 8 P.M. the Marquis de Vogüé, the last orator on the programme, majestically ascended the tribune and spoke with great eloquence and distinction to rows of empty and dusky seats. When he finished he was vigorously applauded by two young secretaries of the French delegation, who with M. Theunis, the chairman, constituted his entire audience. The Marquis saluted the former Belgian Premier, left the tribune with as much dignity as he had ascended it, handed his manuscript to the two young secretaries with the injunction, 'Kindly see that it is printed like the others,' and withdrew, happy in the consciousness that he had done his duty.

For a certain class of newspapers the importance of an event is measured by its dramatic value — that is, by its capacity to excite the interest of the largest possible number of readers. Since dramatic episodes were rare at the Economic Conference, the reporters had a difficult time to fill their columns. As more than fifty nations were represented, and over one thousand delegates, experts, and journalists were in attendance, including many great industrialists, bankers, and millionaires in francs, dollars, or pounds sterling, the quantitative aspects of the gathering excited a brief interest. But this was soon exhausted. Two or three days after the Conference opened, the correspondent of an American newspaper received from his chief this cable: 'Send real good story first page.'

A sensational article suitable for the first page was not easy to concoct. Even the arrival of the Russians had not created much of a flurry. Therefore it was necessary for the unhappy correspondent to invent to the best of his ability possible future sensations. He reported that the Germans were going to raise the question of the Dawes Plan, and the Austrians the question of joining Germany. Then he went on to recall how the Treaty of Rapallo startled the Genoa Conference. With whom would the Soviet make a secret treaty now? With Great Britain? Not likely. Consequently, with France.

That suggestion enabled a Swiss journal to run a sensational headline upon 'The Russo-Franco Rapprochement.' M. Briand was alleged to have



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commissioned M. Loucheur to propose to the Moscow Government a pact along the lines of the Locarno agreement, and M. Loucheur was rumored to have entrusted Comte Clauzel with the delicate duty of sounding the Russian delegates, who had given the suggestion a rather cool reception. Nevertheless, negotiations were said to be proceeding, and this was why M. Loucheur had gone to spend a week-end in Paris.

Behind all this smoke there was a little fire. Comte Clauzel had, as a matter of fact, called on M. Obolenskii, but it was to inquire if the Russian delegation would accept an invitation, as the members of the other delegations had, to luncheon or to take a cup of tea. M. Obolenskii had responded, 'With pleasure.' Later M. Loucheur had really left for Paris, and in fact for Cocherel in Normandy. And his mission was an important one — it was to partake at M. Briand's rustic table of a jugged hare stewed in all the herbs of Saint-Jean, and of a leg of native mutton served with green peas of true Locarnian tenderness.

# A SWISS VIEW OF MEXICO[1]

BY CARL VON SCHUMACHER

DURING the chaotic period of banditry, guerrilla warfare, executions, assassinations, and armed intervention which succeeded the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz in Mexico seventeen years ago, one persistent force manifested itself with growing effect in that unhappy country. I mean the Labor movement. As soon as the old government had been overturned, economic issues came to the fore and the laboring classes began to assert themselves. The first of these to do so were the railway employees, who sabotaged the transportation of reactionary generals and their troops. It was the workers who put Obregón in power. To-day Calles, Obregón's successor, has labor leaders in his Cabinet, and depends upon the trade-unions almost as much as he does upon his troops to protect his Government.

This situation has set definite tasks before the Administration which it cannot escape. First of all, it must do its best to improve the condition of organized labor. It has tried to do this by assisting strikers, bringing pressure upon employers, and other risky but easily understandable measures intended to benefit the working people, at least in the towns.

An eventually even more important, though less immediately urgent, task is land reform. Mexico is a country of vast estates, indifferently cultivated by a numerous population of rural laborers who live in the utmost poverty. Attempts to subdivide these great estates and to distribute the land in small holdings to the laborers encounter serious obstacles. Many of these estates are owned by foreigners, who promptly protest to their own governments. A greater difficulty is that the workers themselves are not competent to manage and cultivate independent farms.

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *April* 12, 30, *May* 10

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All reform movements in Mexico are hampered by the fact that her capital comes mostly from abroad. Conservative estimates make the share of the national wealth owned by Americans forty per cent, and that owned by other foreigners — principally British and French — twenty-five per cent. The petroleum question, although the most important and irritating problem arising out of foreign ownership, is only part of this larger issue. Unlike other mineral wealth, oil was regarded until 1917 as belonging to the surface owner and not to the nation. The new Constitution adopted that year placed petroleum in this respect in the same position as gold, silver, and other metals. It was provided that fifty-year concessions should be granted to the present owners of petroleum lands in place of their existing fee-simple titles. The controversy arising out of this issue has aggravated relations between Mexico and the United States. . . .

Although oil has been known to exist in Mexico since the time of the Aztecs and was employed by the Indians under the name *chapopote*, the first producing wells were brought in less than twenty years ago. All the important fields were discovered, explored, and developed by aliens, and to-day considerably more than ninety per cent of the output is in British and American hands. This situation began to worry Mexican statesmen immediately after Diaz was overthrown, and the Constitution which nationalizes Mexico's oil resources was adopted in 1917. Yet so little attention was paid to this measure that seventy-seven per cent of the foreign capital now employed in the industry has been invested since that date. The output, which was less than fifty million barrels when the Carranza Constitution was drafted, reached one hundred and eighty-five million barrels five years later. Those were the golden days of the oil regions. Tampico grew rapidly from a quiet little port to a bustling city of more than one hundred thousand people. Money was abundant and business was booming. But this prosperity had a sudden end. Salt water penetrated some of the biggest wells, and others ran dry, and by 1926 production had fallen to ninety million barrels, or less than one half of what it had been four years before.

It was in the midst of this depression, late in 1925, that the Calles Government laid before Congress a bill to enforce the Constitution of 1917. Immediately the great petroleum companies took up arms against this measure. Washington came to their support, and tension between the two governments reached the danger point. But this chanced to be a period of oil overproduction throughout the world, and the great companies, controlled as they were by men who had large petroleum interests elsewhere, were not seriously concerned over a temporary stoppage of their Mexican wells. But President Calles's Treasury immediately felt the pinch, for between 1922 and 1926 its receipts from oil taxes declined from forty-three million dollars to about eighteen million dollars. The authorities are not likely to seize the properties of the companies who refuse to register under the new law, partly because they do not want an actual break with Uncle Sam, and partly because there are no natives competent to take them over if they are nationalized. Therefore a compromise is in prospect, and the Supreme Court of Mexico will presumably annul the petroleum law as retroactive legislation.

Although Washington would doubtless like to see a more tractable man than President Calles in power, it hesitates to do anything to upset the present Government. For that Gov-

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ernment, although bitterly attacked even at home, nevertheless represents the strongest and sanest force in that country. To overthrow it would precipitate new chaos more disastrous for foreign capital than any measures the present authorities may enforce. In comparison with the three problems just mentioned, the religious question is of secondary significance, although it looms large in all discussions of Mexican affairs abroad.

These four major issues are magnified by the fact that they are to-day, or promise to be in the near future, issues common to most of Latin America. The other Caribbean republics still have governments closely resembling that of Mexico in the days of Porfirio Diaz, which, in their eagerness to reap the advantages of their natural wealth, have opened their door to foreign investors, who are rapidly monopolizing their resources. Eventually a reaction will occur, which will plunge those nations into the same desperate straits in which Mexico finds herself to-day. . . .

Ever since Washington refused to recognize Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico, and caused his government to be overthrown, all the Caribbean countries, and some of those even farther to the south, have been dependent upon the United States. To-day at least a dozen of them, while technically enjoying absolute sovereignty, would be plunged into civil strife and anarchy were Washington to withdraw its recognition and permit the free shipment of arms into their territories. This kind of dependence has not been defined and recognized in international law. It is a dependence to which weak and disunited peoples are fatally doomed. It is a dependence, moreover, immeasurably advantageous to the United States, because it permits that country to enjoy all the profit and privilege of a colonial Power without assuming colonial responsibilities.

Mexico is one of the countries which occupy this dependent status. In spite of grandiloquent speeches, pretentious national monuments, and patriotic protestations, every clear-sighted man in Mexico knows what would happen were Washington to withdraw its recognition. Arms and ammunition would be smuggled across the border, revolt would lift its head everywhere, civil war would rage, chaos would spread, and organized government would collapse in anarchy.

It may seem surprising, under these conditions, that Calles should dare to pursue a policy which brings him into constant conflict with the Union. His slogan, 'Mexico for the Mexicans,' is itself a challenge to the Yankees and other foreigners who own more than one half of the national wealth. Yet Washington stays its hand. Why?

While it is perfectly true that the United States could overthrow the present Government of Mexico at will, it is equally certain that it could not set up a new government in its place without a war. National sentiment has grown very strong in Mexico during the last few years. An administration by the grace of Washington would be repudiated by the people to a man. Such a government would be highly capitalistic, and would encounter the bitter opposition of the working classes. How unpopular any appeal for American assistance is has been strikingly shown by the discredit that befell the Clericals as soon as they were suspected of instigating Catholic propaganda against Calles north of the border. The taunt 'Church and Gringo' paralyzed popular resistance to Calles's anti-clerical campaign.

Another powerful guaranty against Yankee intervention is America's financial interest in the country. People do

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not set afire a house upon which they hold a mortgage. As long as American citizens own mines in Mexico to the value of four hundred million dollars, oil fields worth almost an equal sum, and ranching properties, railways, and public bonds, their Government is not likely to plunge that country into chaos. When we consider, furthermore, that Mexico buys one sixth of all the goods the United States exports to Latin America, we discover how powerful the forces are that deter the hand of Washington.

Middle courses, however, are sometimes the most difficult to follow. Eventually the United States will be compelled to choose between letting Mexico go her way without constant intermeddling, or imposing its will upon her by force, as Europe has upon other backward nations. That will be a hard decision to make. The traditions of the United States are antagonistic to outright imperialism. Calles knows this perfectly well. He is therefore playing a daring but not a reckless hand, in the hope of vindicating step by step the absolute independence of his country and making it a levee against the southward-sweeping Anglo-Saxon flood.

# ANTICIPATING ECONOMIC CYCLES[1]

BY MARIO ALBERTI

ITALY'S Charter of Labor contains this interesting Article: 'The effects of industrial and financial crises should be borne equally by all producers. Statistics collected by government bureaus, by the Central Statistical Institute, and by authorized trade and labor organizations relating to business and labor conditions, the money market, and the cost and standard of living, after being coördinated and elaborated by the Ministry of Corporations, will furnish guides for reconciling the interests of different groups and classes of producers, and for reconciling their collective interests with the superior interests of production itself.'

This Article formulates clearly the general principle enforced by Fascism — that the interest of the nation transcends the interest of any individual or group of individuals. It is logical, therefore, that the Charter should assign to the Government the task of anticipating and alleviating economic crises with the aid of the economic and statistical laws recently developed.

It was only very shortly before the war that scientists began to apply modern methods of research to the study of economic cycles, and thus opened up the prospect that these might be mitigated or avoided by governmental action. Private statistical inquiries in America and in England, the best known of which were Babson's *Business Barometer* and the British *Business Prospects Yearbook*, pioneered the way in this direction. Parliamentary commissions in England, France, and Belgium recommended measures for avoiding de-

[1] From *La Tribuna* (Rome pro-Fascist daily), *April* 27

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pressions and unemployment. These laid stress principally upon the advantage of allotting contracts for public works in periods of depression, and curtailing such contracts in periods of prosperity.

This last proposal, while well inspired by the best intentions, was not well thought out. Its proponents argued that the policy they recommended would benefit the Government by low wages and low prices for materials in periods of depression, and at the same time relieve the distress of idle workers. In practice the problem is not so simple. Important public works cannot be timed to economic cycles. The interruptions in carrying them out that this would necessitate during periods of prosperity would cost vastly more than continuous construction at maximum prices and wages. Moreover, such a policy would not solve the unemployment problem, for you cannot transform offhand an idle weaver, spinner, or salesman into a building mechanic or street laborer. Consequently these proposals came to naught. Other suggestions for eliminating crises by controlling money and credits, like Professor Fisher's plan for a compensated dollar, proved equally impossible of application.

Then came the war, to put a stop to all such inquiries and speculations. As soon as the conflict was over, however, they were resumed more actively than ever. The International Labor Bureau made a world-wide inquiry into production, which is of great value both historically and as a starting point for future investigation. The League of Nations founded a statistical bulletin containing much useful data. It was in the United States, however, that organizations first arose which specialized in analyzing with the utmost care and accuracy forces determining the ups and downs of business. The Harvard Bureau of Business Research, Bradstreet's, Moody, Brookmire, and other economic services in that country, as well as the English Economic Service at London and Cambridge, the Institut für Konjunkturforschung at Berlin, and the Comitato per gli Indici del Movimento Economico Italiano in our own country, took up this task. Individual economists also busied themselves in the same field. I need only mention Mitchell, Pigou, Persons, Hawtrey, Trufant Foster, Hettinger, Harding, and Cox, to whom might be added many others. In Italy we have the remarkable series of *Prospettive Economiche* by Giorgio Mortara, the monthly statistical reports issued by the Government under the direction of Professor Gini, and the monthly bulletin of the Instituto Centrale di Statistica.

With this statistical foundation to build on, our Labor Charter places Italy in the front rank among the nations which are making a systematic scientific effort to maintain economic equilibrium and to reduce the violence of business crises. It does not represent an entirely new departure, however, for it is merely one more step forward in the course pursued by the Fascist Government for the past five years. Our measures for restoring the value of the lira would unquestionably have upset business seriously if they had not been accompanied by strict measures of control to moderate or prevent such disturbances. For example, we kept unemployment within reasonable limits, because we did not permit employers to dismiss their men en masse, but required them to shorten the working day instead. This attenuated the evil of unemployment for each individual, even if it did not lessen aggregate unemployment in the community as a whole, and thus prevented acute distress among the working classes. . . .

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It is extremely important that the statistics indicated in the Labor Charter should be revised and harmonized by a central authority. For though statistics is an exact science, figures are subject to varying interpretations. This is especially true when they are gathered by business organizations for their own peculiar objects. . . . A recent example will illustrate this. When we decided to deflate the lira many employers objected. They wanted a 'small concession' in the matter of restoring the lira in foreign exchange in order that they might have a premium on exportations. They lost sight of the fact that small concessions inevitably create a demand for big concessions, and that the resulting inflation would ultimately prove a catastrophe for everybody, and above all for themselves. When the Head of the Government made his decision many owners of large stocks of goods imagined that they would incur heavy losses, that factories would shut down, and, taking their forecasts for reality, made a great outcry, as if general insolvency were actually at the door. Their panic and their exaggerations soon turned to their discredit, for statistics, instead of confirming their predictions, refuted them.

It is in the nature of statistics — or, rather, their interpretation — not to synchronize with the conditions they describe. They picture accurately economic facts as they were when the data were gathered. By the time they are compiled and interpreted and are available for business forecasts an appreciable period may have elapsed.

During the first phase of our deflation imports decreased, although the lira was ascending and we theoretically might have bought more freely abroad, since we could get more goods for the same nominal sum of money. The apparent contradiction is explained by this: (1) during the period of inflation we had imported more than we needed, — this was one form of the flight from the lira, — and therefore our warehouses were already full of foreign goods; (2) during the period of deflation, on the other hand, credit restrictions, the high cost of money, and falling prices induced merchants to sell their stocks as rapidly as possible, even at a sacrifice, and this also discouraged importation. After that double process has run its course, assuming the lira to continue to improve, it is probable that our imports will tend to increase quantitatively, although they may not do so in value because their price will be calculated in lire with a higher purchasing power.

During the very first stages of revaluation, exports not only failed to fall off, but they actually increased, because our manufacturers and merchants were filling orders secured during the period of deflation. Now they are steadily declining, and in an effort to retain foreign markets they captured during the cheap-money era our manufacturers are selling goods abroad at a very low profit, at no profit at all, or even at a loss. Eventually, as the revaluation of the currency proceeds, a continuance of exports will be conditioned by a reduction of all the costs of production proportionate to the increased purchasing power of the lira. For no manufacturer can export indefinitely at a loss — unless, of course, high tariffs and an extensive domestic market make it possible for him to recoup his losses abroad by charging high prices of home consumers.

Corporations can continue to pay high dividends for a time after deflation begins, from reserves accumulated during the preceding period of abnormal activity. Company directors instinctively shrink from being the first to publish the fact that their income is falling off. That explains why they

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draw upon resources secretly accumulated during their previous prosperity. It is only after a period of depression has lasted a considerable time that it reflects itself in dividend statistics. All the figures we have showing reductions of capital, receiverships, and insolvencies in other countries indicate that these phenomena do not as a rule manifest themselves prominently at the beginning of a business crisis, but only during its later stages. Such pathological symptoms of decaying trade are generally most alarming just when the depression is drawing to a close and recovery is at the door.

This lag in the statistical picture of business conditions relatively to the fundamental forces that determine them results in a certain retardation in a nation's business psychology which makes it more difficult to foresee and to forestall crises. Producers are sometimes overhasty in foreseeing dangers; at other times they shut their eyes to them. They have exaggerated fears of evil while business is good. Such pessimistic prognostications may indeed be harmless, or may even exercise a salutary restraint upon undue business expansion, and thus prolong prosperity. Many business men, on the other hand, refuse to recognize the true seriousness of the situation in periods of real depression, either because their convictions follow their hopes, or because they believe that a cheerful man stands a better chance of getting credit.

These are only a few of the numerous statistical possibilities raised in our minds by this single Article of the Labor Charter. Such a synthesis of all the pertinent statistical data of the country as we may reasonably expect from the Ministry of Corporations, assigning their proper weight to figures from many different sources, eliminating their contradictions, and correcting their possible bias, should give us a dependable picture of the realities of our business situation. With a knowledge of these, and a prudent use of the powers of regulation now in the hands of our Government, we may reasonably hope to minimize the evils of business cycles.

## EPITAPH

BY GERALD GOULD

[From *Beauty the Pilgrim*]

Life did her wrong, and death will do her wrong.
Rest was for her too fond, and change too rough.
Not love could make her mortal, and not song
Could give her immortality enough.

She had such beauty as, when all else goes rotten,
Lurks in the flower beneath the darkness furled.
Here lies, lone buried in a place forgotten,
The girl that was the wonder of the world.

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# NEWS FROM ALBANIA [1]

BY ROBERT KEMPNER

'*Evviva Italia!*' shouted the Italians as the steamboat from Valona brought them in sight of Saseno Island. This spot is the military centre of Italian policy in the Adriatic. The native observer informs us that the island has become a maritime possession of the first rank. It is equipped with innumerable batteries of heavy modern guns, and a powerful radio station keeps it in touch with the outside world. Military construction work on the island has not been confined to the last few months; years of effort have been devoted to making a Gibraltar of the Adriatic here, and to-day the task is completed. The Strait of Otranto, about eighty kilometres away, can be brought within range of these Italian guns.

Saseno is also an important military factor in Italy's plans regarding Albania. Reports that Italian troops occupied other parts of the country during the last few weeks are not quite true. People in Scutari whisper to one another that there are Italian cannon in Tarabosch, that the entrance to the mountains is guarded, that there are excavations for forts under way in Shirokka and elsewhere. Not a word of all this is so. What they are building on the road to Tarabosch is not an Italian battery, but Albanian houses, material for which is carried on the backs of donkeys. One scans the black mountain-peaks in vain for fortresses or new military construction work. All that can be seen is collapsed remains of the gun emplacements which were erected here in 1912 and 1913, and which are of no more military value. All insinuations that Tarabosch is being fortified are based on the fact that an Albanian day laborer was seen building a stone embankment along a highway leading to the mountain, in order to keep the water that was flowing over the road from doing further damage.

A similar misconception launched other rumors from Potok in the forest of Marmura, and from Kavaya, which lies fifteen kilometres south of Durazzo. The Serbians were particularly alarmed about the reports concerning Potok, and felt that they had immediate ground for action on the basis of information received from certain spies. What actually had happened? Nothing that gave the least indication of military preparations. There was no blockade, no Italian coercion, no sign of transports. Nobody in the immediate vicinity had noticed anything suspicious taking place. The only activity of the Italians that could be discovered was their development of the air service, which had been going on for a long time and was sorely needed. Yet the rumor spread, and the idea got about that the valley of Rodoni near Potok had been a depot where the Albanians were supplied with Italian military equipment. The darkness of the forest and the loneliness of the scene in which these activities were alleged to have taken place helped politicians build up the fable.

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *May* 1, 4



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These false reports about the military activities of the Italians found eager ears throughout Europe, because nothing is known about the real political developments here during the last two years. At the present moment this is the situation. Italy does not contemplate military occupation of Albania, because she has already set up a fruitful and complete civil occupation. The time has come to enlighten European opinion as to the fact that Albania, although supposedly a sovereign state, is actually an Italian colony under English supervision. To the Albanians themselves this fact is painful because they have to put up with foreign control; and it vexes the Serbians because it proves their defeat. The rest of Europe is not pleased either, because it shows that the incorporation of one independent state into a larger state is still quite possible in spite of the League of Nations. Now that the occupation has been completed it no longer disturbs the Italians at all, because they know that only a European war can get them out of the country — and that is the last thing anyone wants. The strength of their position is expressed in the old saying, 'Possession is nine points of the law.'

Italy's occupation of Albania has progressed slowly and gradually for a space of about two and one-half years. On December 25, 1924, with the help of Yugoslavia, Ahmet Zogu seized the reins of government in Tirana. Within a few weeks he had opened up negotiations with the Italians, who, it appeared, were able to grant him greater concessions than the Yugoslavs. For a while Ahmet played off the two rival nations against each other, gaining an advantage over his enemy and fellow countryman, Essad Pasha. At that time the chief interest of Italy was to establish an Albanian National Bank. Ahmet hesitated. He tried to postpone final negotiations. Perhaps he did not really want Italy to be connected by any economic bonds with Albania; perhaps he feared that the ratification of the bank agreement would deprive him of all Serbian financial support. At this juncture a threatening telegram was sent to him from Rome. He ordered the deputies to ratify the treaty on a holiday, and they bowed to the will of the Dictator. Through this bank treaty an Italian group of financiers who are connected with the Italian Government has acquired for fifty years the exclusive right to coin money, issue bank notes, and print stamps for Albania. The Albanians themselves can own only forty-nine per cent of the capital. Every important position in the bank is occupied by Italians, and in this way the entire control of Albanian finance has been in Italian hands since the year 1925.

As soon as the National Bank had been established, the 'Company for the Economic Development of Albania' (Svea) was founded. It is purely Italian, and has a monopoly of the construction of railways, street railways, harbors, roads, bridges, and drainage and reclamation works. Italy also sees to it that all other public works are awarded by the Albanian Government to the Italian firm making the most favorable offer. In order to secure the capital for the Svea's undertakings the Italians took as security the customs duties and the national monopolies of salt, cigarette paper, and matches. In fact, virtual control of all taxation was presently handed over to the Italians. In 1925, also, the first producing oil wells, near Fieri, were brought in by the Italian National Railways.

In July 1926 the Italians decided to fortify their financial and economic control by political supervision. Ahmet was to agree to allow the Italians

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a protectorate over Albania under the auspices of the League of Nations. This project was defeated by English opposition, but final plans for Italianizing Albania were nevertheless laid by Chamberlain and Mussolini at their conference of August 1926. Meanwhile the foreign postal service, which had previously been handled by Yugoslavia, was placed under Italian supervision, and the telegraph system is now following suit. Already wireless communication is entirely in Italian hands, since the Marconi station at Tirana, through which all the news from the country passes, is under the management of an Italian engineer.

In the old days nearly all traveling in Albania was done in Fords, but more recently the Fiat and other Italian automobiles have appeared in increasing numbers. These machines are bought through Italian companies. But the most significant development of all is the consolidated corporation known as the Adria Aerolloyd, which the Italian Government has purchased. The Adria Aerolloyd was a German enterprise allied with the Lufthansa. It connected Tirana with Skutari, Valona, and Korça. At its head was Director Ryssel of Berlin, who did more than anyone else to promote air travel in Albania. By buying up the stock of this company Italy has acquired the airplane monopoly of Albania for the next ten years, including seventy-five per cent of the interest in the air mail. How highly the Italian Government values this air monopoly can be surmised from the fact that the purchase was concluded without any assurance that Italy would receive the airplanes and other equipment then in service. Director Ryssel and the German pilot, Vogel, soon had to resign their positions. At the same time that the air monopoly was acquired, an air route was established to Durazzo and Valona from Bari and Brindisi, and in this way the dependence of Albania on its new motherland was assured.

That this air monopoly is of the greatest importance to Italy is obvious enough. It is important from a strategical point of view, since it has enabled the Italians to make a complete set of military photographs of Albania.

The Albanian army has a number of Italian officers as instructors, and the gendarmes are under the supervision of an Englishman, General Percy. But the total number of Italian officers in all the Albanian forces does not exceed a dozen. This is explained by the fact that the Albanian army is of almost no importance in the business of Italianizing the country. Reports that Albanian companies drill along with Italian companies are denied by everyone who knows what is really going on. There is also no significance in the fact that there are still thirty big Italian field tents of the 1918 model in Durazzo, for they are used to shelter earthquake refugees.

On the other hand, it is of military importance that negotiations are now under way in Rome for the purchase of the German-Danzig Lumber Company, known as the Inag, for which an Italian group is bidding. The Inag has valuable holdings in the Marmura forest — holdings that reach almost down to the Bay of Rodoni. A new ferro-concrete bridge has just been built here under which big steamships can pass. This bridge, at one of the most important points strategically in Albania, links the rest of the country with Durazzo.

Italian money now circulates in all the cities, especially in Tirana. The better hotels are run by Italians, and the Italian language is spoken from the coast far into the interior.

By the autumn of 1926 the civil occupation of Albania was completed

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and almost all important economic activities in the country had passed into Italian hands. The man responsible for this conquest was the Italian Ambassador, Baron Aloisi, who has now been removed from Durazzo and sent to Tokyo. The Tirana Treaty of the twenty-seventh of November, 1926, surprised Europe only because the political situation of Albania was not generally known. It was greeted as an opening wedge, whereas it really indicated the consummation of Italy's peaceful penetration. The Tirana Treaty tried to give legality in the eyes of the League of Nations to what was already a de facto accomplishment. The only significance of the treaty is that Albania has in fact become an Italian colony. Ahmet Zogu vacillated at the last minute as to whether he should convert a de facto situation into a de jure condition. But the November revolution which Italy organized was intentionally feeble, and was simply intended to show Zogu his own weakness. Then when the time came for the treaty to be concluded, he was promised three million gold francs. The pact was sealed, and Ahmet Zogu conferred the first of his new decorations, known as the Bessa Order, on his new master, Mussolini.

In pushing the policy of Italianismo to the limits in Albania, Italy has followed English and Dutch colonial methods. The reigning rajah, who happens in this case to be called a bey, was subsidized, and the domestic affairs of the colony were left in his hands. Ahmet Bey still has the right to deal with other beys and to fight with native Albanians. As far as his own country is concerned, he can play the rôle of dictator, and perhaps even call himself King. He can build himself a castle on the highest peak overlooking the Bay of Durazzo. But the real ruler of the country is the Italian Ambassador, who is concealed in the background far behind Ahmet. Italy no longer attaches the least importance to Ahmet himself, — so I have been assured on all hands, — even though she made a treaty with him and supports the present régime. As far as Italy is concerned, any other nominal ruler would be just as desirable as Ahmet provided he agreed to the present foreign orientation and economic development of the country.

The Roman Governor of Trans-Adriatic Italy is Ugo Sola, the man who put through the Treaty. He will reap the harvest of the victory which Ambassador Aloisi won in his work of peaceful penetration during 1925 and 1926. Roman prefects, the consuls at Valona and Korça, and Consul-General Faralli in Skutari, will all help to make his task more easy.

In 1913 Albania was recognized by the Council of Ambassadors in London as a de jure independent state. Thirteen years later the will of Italy and the consent of England have transformed it into a de facto Italian colony.

In the course of the Italian-Yugoslav conflict the press has alluded to Albania's armament. In point of fact, there is no evidence to show that the Albanian army is strong enough to fight either a foreign or a civil war. But it is particularly difficult to estimate the nation's fighting strength, because a neutral observer is looked upon with the deepest mistrust by all Albanian officials. They regard any visitor who does not revere their dictator, Ahmet Zogu, as a Serbian emissary heavily bribed. Therefore whatever information they give concerning their military equipment must be taken with a good many grains of salt.

The armed forces of Albania are of two kinds — regular troops, and irregu-

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lars, or komitadji. Statistics show that there are three hundred and twenty thousand men in Albania of military age, of whom thirty thousand are Yugoslav citizens. The result is that a considerable number of men of military age are likely to move across the border as soon as conditions become unsettled.

In 1925 universal military service was introduced. The task of organizing the regular troops was first put in the hands of the former Austrian commander, Mirdatsch, chief of the so-called General Staff, who became an Albanian citizen. Mirdatsch worked on the theory that it was impossible for the country to maintain a standing army. In his day only six months' military service was required. There were twelve instruction centres, each composed of four instruction companies. In a crisis each of these companies could be expanded to the size of two battalions. To each of these centres two artillery batteries and one machine-gun unit were attached. In case of war an army of this sort was useful only for defending the border, where it could select positions which would enable it to withstand any foreign power. But for various political reasons the plan was never carried through.

Since 1925 developments have gradually moved along other lines. Albania now has five battalions of infantry, each battalion being composed of three companies and one machine-gun company. The infantry are not equipped with uniform weapons, but are for the most part supplied with Austrian or Italian carbines. These troops are mercenaries, and they receive about fourteen dollars gold a month. One of these battalions, the so-called Guards, serves as Ahmet Zogu's bodyguard. The members wear bright red hussar uniforms with black braid, and black calpacs. Thirty former members of Wrangel's army, ten officers and twenty men, also belong to this body. Ahmet prefers to trust his personal safety to Russians, because they are not likely to be influenced by the political developments of Albania. On account of their earlier experiences, the Russian officers are intensely jealous of the Albanian officers, and a brisk rivalry exists between them. The Guard also boasts a military band, which plays every afternoon in the square in front of the President's palace. These are the only occasions on which Ahmet appears in public, because he lives in constant fear of assassination.

The total armed strength of the regular Albanian troops, including the military gendarmes, cannot possibly exceed sixty-five hundred men. These troops are of no significance whatever to any hostile nation that contemplates an attack on Albania. They are unable to guard either the hundreds of kilometres of seaboard or to cover the Yugoslav or Greek frontier. Their value for internal warfare is no greater. They can do no more to support Ahmet Zogu's régime than they can to confront any foreign opposition. The difficulties of universal military training are largely due to the fact that the inhabitants of Albania are of three different religious faiths, which are all brought together in the army. They are keen supporters of their tribal independence as well as of their national independence, and refuse to obey the commands of foreign officers. Never yet has Albania been able to depend on its regular troops to suppress the internal revolt of any party.

Thus it is that the irregular troops are of particular importance in domestic difficulties. Their bands are held together by loyalty to their leaders, and in this respect they are reliable, obedient, and faithful to their com-

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mander, who is also the chief of their tribe. In their native surroundings the komitadji are invincible on account of their knowledge of the countryside, where they are far more effective than the regular troops. During the World War these groups of Albanian soldiers would fight first on one side and then on the other, but they would never stick to either party. Most of them are now equipped with old Austrian repeaters. Their numbers are, however, considerably overestimated, because of their amazing ability to appear in different places almost at the same moment. From the mouth of a member of one of these organizations I learned that Ahmet Zogu cannot count on more than four thousand irregular troops, and that as many other irregulars would be likely to oppose him. As things stand now, the number of regular and irregular troops owing allegiance to Ahmet is about ten thousand.

In this military atmosphere, it is rather funny to hear any mention of Albania's navy. The country boasts at the present time only two former German mine-sweepers, which were given to Italy as reparation and were then handed over to Albania. An Italian captain, Prelli, is commander of the Albanian Fleet. His ships are always at anchor off Durazzo, and will continue to lie there peacefully, because Albania wisely refuses to provide any money to buy coal for superfluous vessels.

# THE GOOD WIND [1]

BY MASSIMO BONTEMPELLI

[The author, a well-known member of the younger school of Italian poets and dramatists, has recently turned his pen to humorous tales. He is also an editor of the literary review *900*.]

Some twelve years ago I fitted up for my amusement a private chemical laboratory, where I devoted myself to the absorbing pursuit of trying to isolate a substance intermediate between the physical and the spiritual world. One day I unexpectedly found in my hand the very thing I sought. My reader will realize at once that it was the most marvelous discovery ever made. The substance consisted of a fine powder, which I could hold in my palm, neither cold nor warm, impalpable, imponderable, — although I could feel it in my hand with my eyes shut, — absolutely colorless, and yet quite visible. A feeling of intoxication almost overcame me. Please note that intoxication is itself an intermediate state between physical and psychical reality.

So here, as I felt at once, and quickly demonstrated, was the substance I had been seeking. I proved it by a succession of extraordinary effects, which I will now describe.

It was midsummer. I was living at the time in a little town in the midst of

[1] From *Revista de Occidente* (Madrid literary monthly), *December*

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a broad Italian plain. Wrapping the powder in a paper, I placed it in my pocketbook. As I did so I noticed that I had no money. I felt in all my pockets without result. Up to the present I had not tested the magic powers of the powder. I hastily planned a series of experiments to demonstrate them. It was noon. Two problems of a financial nature faced me immediately. The first was to get money enough for luncheon; the second, to secure funds for carrying out the experiments I had in mind. The second problem embraced the first.

So, as I have said, I left my house with the powder in my pocket. The midday streets were vacant. My footsteps echoed on the pavement. The sun beat down unmercifully from a cloudless sky. As I pondered my next move, I recalled that I knew two gentlemen of means in town, named respectively Bartolo and Baldo. I also remembered that Bartolo sometimes visited the restaurant of the Burning Spur, which Baldo owned. Thither I accordingly directed my steps. The proprietor was not in, but luckily Bartolo was just finishing luncheon with his wife, a portly lady, and his daughter, a mere wraith of a girl.

I spoke to Bartolo at once: —

'I was just looking for you, Signor Bartolo, to get you to take an interest in an enterprise of mine. I have discovered a remarkable powder. I do not yet know just how it can be employed most profitably, but it operates precisely between the borders of the physical and the metaphysical world. You will understand at once how enormously important that is. Now, I need twenty-five thousand lire to finish my experiments. I expect you to furnish them.'

As I said this I thought to myself that my first act would be to invest five lire of the twenty-five thousand in something to eat.

Bartolo gulped down the peach he had just finished peeling so hurriedly that it nearly choked him, and springing to his feet said peremptorily to his corpulent and to his emaciated companion: 'Get up, ladies!' As they rose he took a step toward me. He was wearing a white suit, a Panama hat, and gold-rimmed glasses, so that with his red moustache he looked like a wasp just fished out of a pan of milk.

'Signor Massimo,' he said, 'you don't know how poor I am. I could n't give you even twenty-five centesimi. I pledge you my word of honor that it makes my heart bleed to refuse your request.'

He stopped. I gazed steadily at him. He returned my glance with a shifty look of embarrassment and dropped his eyes. I then noticed just over his breast, a little to the left and below the pocket where he carried his pocket handkerchief, a tiny red spot staining the white cloth of his suit. I was about to press my case further, but noticed that the red spot was fresh and growing larger. It so absorbed my attention that I hesitated, and Signor Bartolo repeated: 'Yes, it makes my heart bleed. I'm very sorry indeed.'

I was no longer listening, for a suspicion, a hope, an explanation, a great surge of exultation took possession of me. Yes, it was certain — quite certain — absolutely certain! My discovery was real. This gentleman had spoken within the radius of influence of my powder, of the substance that marked the point of contact between real images and mental images. Ah, that was it. He spoke, and my powder made his mental image real. It incorporated in physical actuality his figure of speech. He said, 'My heart bleeds,' and his heart did bleed. I watched him breathlessly. The spot ceased to ex-

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tend. I stared at him. He grew pale. Then I attended again to what he was saying.

'No, I have no money,' he repeated in a weak voice, turning to leave. 'Do you know how I've spent all I have? In medical treatment for my wife and my daughter.'

The two ladies, one excessively fat and the other excessively thin, had now withdrawn to a corner of the room, where they stood watching us silently.

'Yes, I've had an expensive doctor for my wife, who wants to reduce, and for my daughter, who wants to put on flesh. And you see the result — my wife's a tub and my daughter's an anchovy. Good-bye, Signor Massimo. Come on, ladies!'

Signor Bartolo glanced at the corner where they had been standing, but no one was there. That did not surprise him, and murmuring, 'They have gone home to make the coffee,' he stumbled uncertainly out of the restaurant, and without turning around vanished down the street.

I stared with an icy chill in my heart toward the corner where the ladies had stood only a moment before. There was a tub. I staggered a couple of steps toward it, then stopped and studied the floor. Yes, just at the bottom of the tub lay a miserable salted anchovy. The lady and her daughter! I stepped back and, overcome with emotion, dropped weakly into a chair in front of a table. The waiter, who just then emerged from the kitchen, came up to me. I had barely strength to murmur, 'A piece of cheese and a glass of wine.'

The fellow brought them in silence. Little by little I recovered from my shock. In fact, by the time I had finished the cheese I felt immensely proud of myself. The scientist had conquered the man in me. I even surveyed with a thrill of satisfaction my work in the dark corner beyond. At length I finished my wine also.

Noticing that a cat was smelling at the anchovy, I turned away my eyes, and addressing the waiter said: 'When will your boss be back? I want to talk with him.'

'He's gone to the vineyard. He'll return this evening.' Then, hesitating a moment, the fellow stammered with an obsequious smile: 'If the gentleman will pardon me, I happened to overhear his conversation with Signor Bartolo. If the gentleman wishes money, I might be so bold as to say that he applied to the wrong person. I would advise him to go to the *Comendador*.'

'Over at the end of the plaza? What's his name?'

'Oh — yes — his name is — I don't remember. Wait, I've got it on the end of my tongue.'

'Show me your tongue!'

I said it so imperatively that he automatically obeyed. When he stuck out his tongue I read aloud: 'C-o-m-e-n-d-a-d-o-r B-a-r-b-a.'

'Exactly. How did you know it?'

'You had it on the end of your tongue.'

'The Comendador has made two or three big killings in business, and has got a safe full of money.'

'Thanks for mentioning it. Adieu!'

I started to rise, when the waiter interrupted me. 'Will the gentleman be so kind as to pay his little bill?' As he said this he pointed to the cheese rind still lying on the plate. A magnificent idea struck me. I took out my pocketbook, held it in my hand, and staring straight at the fellow, who had already thrust out his hand for his money, I said: 'You're an ass!'

For a bare fraction of a second he stood motionless, his eyes growing big and round with surprise. Almost instantly, however, a hairy surface formed itself around them, a coarse,

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shaggy snout thrust itself out below them, two tall ears rose up above them, and his whole body, sinking and spreading, stood supported by four hoofs upon the floor. Shaking himself, he waved his tail in the air, and, with his muzzle extended toward me across the table, brayed like a trombone. Then, turning quickly and still braying, he trotted out through the door. I ran after him. Not a person was in the street. Only the ass was cantering down the middle of the road, his tail high in the air, his hoofs clattering on the pavement, braying lustily from time to time.

I returned to get my hat. On the floor close to the table lay the white serviette that had fallen from the left forefoot of the ex-waiter.

Absolutely sure of my discovery now, I strolled down the deserted noonday street to the plaza. Occasionally I could hear the donkey's braying growing softer in the distance. When I knocked at Comendador Barba's door he himself opened it, and with a look of courteous circumspection invited me into his office.

'Be seated.'

'Comendador, I am a chemist. . . .' While I was considering how to introduce my subject, I looked around me. Then suddenly I asked him: 'Are n't you interested in chemistry also?'

'I? No, I never dreamed of such a thing. Why do you ask?'

'Because I see written on those files there, at the other end of the room, "Carbide."'

The man laughed. 'You're mistaken. My whole time's taken up with my business. Those files contain my stock certificates in the Carbide Company, and other business papers relating to that concern.'

'Excellent. Let me say at once that I need a considerable sum of money for an enterprise that promises tremendous returns.'

'That's enough,' Comendador Barba interrupted. 'You're a young man. Good luck to you. Young men ought to earn their own money. It's a great mistake to help them. At the present time I am a director of a score or more big corporations. Now, I earned every cent of my money. I started with nothing. No one ever gave me any help. I'm the child of my companies.'

Shaking himself, he rose in an absent-minded way, stepped over to the filing case, and looking at the titles there murmured affectionately, 'Mamma! Mamma!'

I stifled a laugh, and with an innocent air asked: 'Why do you say "Mamma, Mamma" to those files?'

'Why do I say "Mamma"? Who knows? Sometimes I'm absent-minded. You can't realize how many things I have to think about, with all my business enterprises. My head's in a constant whirl.'

I sprang up and jumped backward. In fact, the good man's head was actually spinning like a top. Gaining the door, I glanced back barely long enough to get one more glimpse of that whirling head, and then rushed out into the plaza.

The streets were still deserted. I wandered on until I came to the edge of the town. There I seated myself on a grassy bank, where a path from the neighboring fields joined the highway. A feeling of disquiet had begun to temper my exultation. My discovery was a tremendous one. But I must learn how to use it. In my heedlessness I had innocently sacrificed, within less than an hour, one, two, three, four, five — yes, five people. Bartolo with a leaking heart, his wife and daughter vanished, the waiter metamorphosed, the Comendador — who knows? His head still whirling like a spinning wheel. I reflected on the situation. Every great discovery has had its martyrs.



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I must now discover how to make some practical and profitable use of what I had found.

These thoughts occupied my mind the whole afternoon. Before I realized it evening was approaching. In spite of my agitation I had had a purpose in coming to this particular place; for this was the path by which Baldo, the rich proprietor of the Burning Spur, was sure to return from his vineyard. How should I explain my situation to him?

The Western sky was festooned with fleecy clouds, which hung like garlands of cotton from its azure vault and were tinted pink and red by the sun's declining rays. At length I saw Baldo approaching some distance down the path. He strolled toward me slowly and tranquilly — portly, chubby-faced, smooth-shaven, smoking an Havana as fat as himself. I trembled a little as I reflected how I should get him into my power, and ransacked my brain for ingratiating words that would prepossess him in my favor. As he drew near, the shafts of the departing sun seemed to suffuse his ruddy face with a benignant radiance. He came within three or four steps of me without apparently noticing me, for he was smiling to himself, as if over some amusing memory. I pretended not to see him until he was directly opposite. Then I spoke.

'Oh, Signor Baldo, what good wind brings you here?'

At that moment a light breeze swept across the meadow — a mere zephyr, but it gently lifted the good gentleman in the air, wafted him over a cluster of shrubbery, carried him above the tops of a line of poplars that bordered the field beyond, and, as I watched, bore him away higher and higher into the placid ether, until the smoke of his Havana intermingled with the fleecy sunset clouds and his rubicund countenance vanished in the ruddy afterglow.

# ENGLAND AT SCHOOL[1]

BY RENÉ SCHAERER

THE room where my pupils are studying is full of cold air. Outside we are enveloped by rain-streaked fog that cuts us off from the rest of the world. This is the third successive day the fog has lasted, and I am at last finding that it possesses a charm quite in keeping with the inexpressive, absorbed patience of the gentle people before me. As this gray mist mounts guard at every window its moisture softly impresses itself on everything it touches, and invests with an air of unreality blue skies, dusty roads, and summers, past and future. Leaning against a radiator, I try for the moment to combat the chills that invade me every time I move — those chills that always afflict a 'Continental' who is subjected to what people in England call a comfortable room-temperature.

What, I wonder, are these six boys thinking about as they sit around a single table, their white breath min-

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Swiss literary weekly), *May* 14

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gling in the air? Immobilized by the curious effort that French composition involves, they are seeking ideas by gazing at the platform and at myself while they chew their penholders. I don't know what I would give to be able to penetrate the mystery of these young thoughts, accustomed as they are to easy flights into the French language, but now halted at the very beginning of their course, incapable of branching out into a new world. What picture animated with life, what cinematograph, would be capable of expressing the prodigious complexity of these laboring heads, the hesitations and eddyings of ideas that ought to be launched into the world the moment they are hatched, but that wait inside until the road is prepared before them.

The door of the room opens and a boy enters. He is bringing the list of absentees, which he hands me, while in the other hand he bears a plate of yellow tubes containing a nasal disinfectant paste called Nostroline. Delighted at this opportunity for diversion, all my pupils stuff a little gob of Nostroline up their nostrils. For everyone who has ever been connected with a school knows how important such diversions are — how, for instance, a dropped pencil in the midst of an examination-room silence breaks the numb spell of quietness like magic. Their seriousness makes me laugh; it is a seriousness arising from their conviction of the importance of little things — so different from the German seriousness based on solemnity, or the French seriousness expressive of simplicity. Perhaps for the tenth time this morning, I am led to remember, and to laugh once more at the thought, that I am on an island. Between the expression of one of our boys at home and one of my young English pupils there is more than a simple stretch of country — there is an arm of the sea. This is so true that my class, which, for the moment, represents the entire English people, offers itself to my inspection less as a group of individuals participating in my joys and sorrows, and leading me to discoveries about myself based on what I have observed in them, than as interesting and certainly agreeable creatures, entirely objective, toward whom I am drawn as Fabre was toward his insects. The English are perhaps the only European people whose habits one can be said to study. Whether these habits are better or worse than our own is another matter.

One of my pupils, seeing me smile, shows me a yellow tube and asks, 'Sir, do they have this in France?'

'I don't know, but I should be very surprised if they did.'

The pupil thinks for a moment, and then says, 'Sir, do you find the French intelligent?'

'Very intelligent.'

The young face looked up at me with all the astonishment of a disconcerted spirit trying to reconcile my reply with the logic of facts. At length, with a vivacity that I cannot reproduce on paper, he suddenly said to me: 'Then that intelligence cannot be the same as English intelligence.'

I motioned to him to continue his work, and he blew on his hands before seizing his pen and feverishly beginning to write a sentence. This pupil interested me. There was more alertness in his eye and a less stubborn loyalty than his comrades suffered from. This morning he had discovered something that only a few of his teachers knew — intelligence can take other forms than it assumes in England.

The clock strikes. I collect the papers, and we leave the room.

An amusing state of disorder prevails in the masters' room, which I enter by manipulating a trick lock that is quite new to me. Inside I find books

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laid haphazard along the library shelves or heaped in shaky piles, all on the point of collapse. On the table, among a mess of political, religious, and educational pamphlets, sits a barometer surrounded by samples of cloth, the remains of a plate of pudding, and a violin bow. In this confused atmosphere, where my colleagues find a kind of logic that escapes me, I am astonished, and just as confused as I am by the profusion of this English language of whose pronunciation and detail this room forms a fairly accurate representation. I feel here a kind of uneasiness that undoubtedly dates back to my childhood days when I had scattered my toys all over the carpet and under the chairs, only to realize that they had to be picked up and put back in their box. I seem to be back in my nursery again, in imminent danger of a scolding.

Yet the disorder takes on a new aspect when I make an effort of imagination and suppose that, instead of being Englishmen, these twenty gentlemen who bump and jostle each other every day, as only Englishmen can jostle, with vigor and innocence, were twenty Frenchmen, Swiss, or Germans. Suppose, for instance, that they were twenty French Swiss from Neuchatel, idealistic and susceptible, always ready to be indignant, and constantly as tense as catapults. Think what would happen if they were assembled together for a single day in this narrow room, where the smallest false step knocks somebody across the shins, where every gesture is a menace and every sneeze a problem, but, above all, where books, pencils, pens, notebooks, and everything useful are heaped together pell-mell, giving even the most benignant spirit endless occasions for suspicions, accusations, and contradictions. What quarrels would arise under such circumstances!

Well, in this room that I have just entered twenty English gentlemen go, come, eat, sleep, and read. Their bodies jostle, but their characters glide through life as if endowed with some supernatural balm of patience and courtesy, and the collisions that bring these lanky Anglo-Saxons face to face in a sudden halt resemble fraternal encounters more than physical shocks. The same mist that softens the lines and colors of Nature also seems to permeate this room, where it takes the edge off mental reactions, serves as a buffer between differing characters, lessens disparities, and transforms these twenty nonchalant heads that I see every day into something like a restful countryside. At certain moments when chance or some unexpected occurrence holds them still they look to me, from the chair in which I admiringly observe them, like those young men depicted in tailors' catalogues grouped around a table in poses expressive of good humor, correctness, and gentle energy.

Often, however, some fluid to whose influence I seem to be immune agitates or exalts the whole group. Sometimes one person singing a hymn or a popular tune is enough to set them all off in chorus, some taking the soprano part in a voice from the head that raises them aloft, others singing bass and crouching down low. At length the complete choir is booming out astonishing harmonies, directed by the chemistry teacher, who leads them with a toasting fork, calming some, encouraging others, and conducting them all to joyful regions which he seems already to possess, to judge from the abandoned expression of his face.

But suddenly one of the singers leaning against the chimney piece takes a fork in his hand too and competes with the other for inspiration. The two adversaries approach each other, the duel loses more and more of its artistic value, and comes back to

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earth, with forks as weapons. This little incident shows such good nature and such a childlike, cheerful simplicity that at such moments I feel an unlimited sympathy for the English people — one of those sudden waves of good feeling, partly composed of astonishment and in part of comprehension, such as I felt in Paris when I arrived one morning and found myself on the Avenue d'Orléans in the midst of a spirited, brawling, philosophic crowd, chiefly sellers of fish and vegetables, and myself saying, 'These good, good French people.'

But this is examination day, and the room is still. Only one of my colleagues is here, tipped back in an armchair, his feet resting against the chimney piece, higher than his head. His body intercepts all the heat, and seems to cover up the fireplace completely. As his back is turned while he smokes his pipe and reads his paper, I do not realize at once that he has said something to me, but he turns in his chair, looks at me, and quickly bursts into a smile. I approach. The *Times*, spread out across his legs like an easel, is opened at the pages of advertisements, the largest of which has attracted his attention. It depicts a young girl of compelling purity and tenderness raising her clear eyes to a young man against whose chest she is pressing herself. 'My dear,' he says, affectionately dominating, 'take one of these cigarettes; they will do your throat no harm.'

My colleague looks at me and pulls at his pipe. His face is astounding — as English as can be imagined. His smile and expression are those of a pastor; he has the nose and chin of a detective; but his eyes are the most striking part of all — they are equally devoid of mystery and depth, candid eyes that give his whole face an almost disquieting look of ingenuousness. I have seen that expression long ago, but where? It must have been in one of my childhood stories — in *St. Winifred's*, or in *Eric, or Little by Little*, the tale of a martyred pupil whose patience and loyalty prevail at last on the hard hearts of his playmates. He is supported by teachers with good kind hearts, who are always putting an encouraging hand on his shoulder. Is that it?

No, I cannot believe it. The young gentleman who has just turned to me presents a face lit with intelligent and amiable sympathy. His master's robe must have awakened these old memories, but there is nothing in common between these Englishmen of fiction, all of whom, teachers and pupils alike, surround their morality and religion with an insupportable stupidity, and this young master who has just smiled at me and greeted me awkwardly, 'Cheerio, old twig!'

I should not think of calling any expression stupid simply because I could not discover the irony or veiled ill-will it contained. In England, as everywhere else, there are mean smiles, usually much more unpleasant than the faces on which they appear; but this is not such a smile, for here I do not find a trace of that tight-lipped maliciousness that is really a form of intellectual laziness, though it pretends to typify great mentality. The person before me does not believe he had to make up a face signifying that my words and gestures might throw cold water on him. He is simply glad to see me, and shows it. I recall to him a familiar expression that he heard on his visit to Switzerland last summer. He greets me with an unalloyed smile that seems to well up from the bottom of his heart. It is the quintessence of cordiality.

Eager to profit from this moment of tranquillity, I look on the library shelf

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for the copy of *The Merchant of Venice* which I have just begun to read. But the book is not in its place. Great heavens, where can it be? At the bottom of what cupboard, lost in what monument of pamphlets? I give up the search and ask my companion's aid. He does not know where my book is, but will help me find it. Getting up out of his chair, he takes a turn around the room, whistling a snatch of the *Messiah*. Suddenly he announces, 'It might be here.' He opens a box, pulls out a magic lantern, and then extracts my book. Then, no doubt under the impression that the amazement on my face betokens admiration for Shakespeare, he cries, 'Ah, he is the greatest writer in the world.'

Forgetting to thank him, I cannot help replying, rather maliciously perhaps, 'How do you know?' and opening the book, a fine copy of the best edition the school owns, show him that most of the pages have never been cut.

After reading a little, I find that I am advancing too painfully across the overrich and overheavy ground. I therefore stop, pull out the compositions from my pocket, and settle down quietly in my chair.

## NEW NOVELS BY FRENCH WOMEN[1]

BY JOHN CHARPENTIER

FEMININE literature in the field of poetry and the novel shows no sign of weakening, though we seldom find our lady colleagues devoting themselves to the theatre, criticism, history, or, for the best of reasons, to philosophy. This deficiency of theirs can be said, without any lack of gallantry on our part, to prove the repugnance that women feel for constructive work or for work that demands more mentality than sensibility. Furthermore, woman, by and large, gives no signs of possessing what is rightly called the creative faculty, but is merely capable of a kind of generative activity, which she releases in whatever form comes most readily to her hand. When she selects the novel this rule applies absolutely, even though Madame de La Fayette is said to have helped in its development. In point of fact, however, when this great lady wrote *La Princesse de Clèves* she was simply setting down her own memoirs in a rough autobiography. It therefore remains true that objective story-telling and the study of customs or characteristics necessitate on the part of the author an ability to disengage himself from his work, a prolonged exteriorization of personality, such as only men — and few enough of them, in all conscience — possess.

Women are so little interested in pure art that even when they want to give life to characters independent of themselves they are betrayed by thoughts in the backs of their minds or by their desire to prove at all costs certain private convictions. No one is more faithful than a woman to thesis novels. She has every sense save only that of

[1] From *Mercure de France* (Paris literary semi-monthly), *May* 15

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proportion, and everything she writes must prove something or other. Woman vindicates herself, pen in hand, first justifying love, and perhaps other passions as well. But nowadays she is no longer satisfied with talking about her right to happiness; she demands her right to pleasure too.

When Rousseau opened up the world of nature he revealed an empire where woman has firmly established herself on ground that is even more physiological than psychological. The superiority that her master of yesterday claimed in the name of reason no longer makes any impression. To fulfill her destiny she frees herself from every rule, in the name of the new Messiah, Life. This 'divine animal' she either herself incarnates or obediently receives superior orders from it. The adjective she has added to the word with which man pretends to humiliate himself confers on her a virtue we contest in vain.

Madame Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, whom we can consider one of the most happily endowed novelists of her sex, since she has been the most successful in creating real characters and abandoning them to their own devices, does not quite escape in her latest book, *La Petite fille comme ça*, the reproach that I leveled at her literary sisters. This realistic painter of feminine sensibility in the early years of life has written another story of a child, only this time it is a child of the dance hall. She tells her tale with profound emotion and admirable penetration, revealing the most intimate corners of the soul of her heroine, who remains clear-sighted in spite of night-club life. We see her most secret reactions to the emotion of sorrow and, finally, to the emotion of love. But pitying the fate of her poor little ten-year-old dancing girl, whose father ran away with his mistress and whose mother killed herself, Madame Delarue-Mardrus cannot restrain herself from pleading the case before the bourgeois society that rejected her heroine. For this reason her book, which is unquestionably one of the most beautiful she has written, irritated me by its few pages of vain eloquence.

'I cannot help feeling a little disdain for eclecticism,' declares Bertrande in the latest novel by Madame Jane Catulle-Mendès, *Ton amour n'est pas à toi*. This charming young heroine, who happens to be confusing eclecticism with skepticism, hardly likes Montaigne at all, though she evinces a variety of tastes in her admiration of the MM. Cocteau, Montherlant, Delteil, Morand, Dorgelès, and Bernanos. Above all, she possesses one of those superior natures that do honor to her sex. No atmosphere is more invigorating than that which Madame Catulle-Mendès creates, and no character could be more extraordinary than the one that breathes this atmosphere. Her strained manner of writing, her flamboyant use of unusual words and phrases which she has practised for the past thirty years to celebrate genius and love in her novels, — if that is what they can be called, — show that her gifts are essentially lyrical. This 'intensity of vibration, these glittering pleasures and heavy heart-throbs,' with which women, according to Madame Catulle-Mendès, have enriched literature and, above all, vivified 'pallid poetry, anæmic in its tower of ivory,' are all to be found in this powerful, exuberant book. But she proves my point when she says, 'Why ask feminine genius to innovate and experiment with changing forms when there is the eternal to be expressed?' To which she adds, 'Their sensibility, not their mind, is creative.'

This sensibility never slumbers, and it makes women singularly apt to

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surprise the faults that man commits against the passion of love. Read *Voyage autour de mon amant*, by Madame Tityana, *Les Isolées*, by Madame Pauline Valmy, *Un Homme comme quelques autres*, by Madame Jeanne Maxime-David, and even *Beatrice, ou Les Deux expériences*, by Madame Christine Aimery, and you will discover some fine things about us poor men. We blush to read about the deceptive promenade that Madame Tityana's heroine takes in the limited space that a mere male offers in which to satisfy her yearnings for infinity. But Madame Tityana, whose sincerity is equaled only by her keen powers of observation, does not conceal from us the fact that this tender little lady pretended to keep her independence intact as a young girl, and that she was unhappy later only because her lover had too much respect for her freedom.

Man is only egotism. 'And sensuality,' adds Madame Pauline Valmy. Françoise Nieu will not submit to the matrimonial yoke for fear it may prove too galling. Good enough! Seduced, and abandoned with her child, she found that she had to ask the Colonial Minister for a husband in spite of her principles. No matter. We must recognize that women have the right to demand of men either the mere anonymous gratification of their great emotion or, on the other hand, unique, exalted, profound, and eternal worship. Since the day Rousseau said that 'the world is woman's book' and that it is up to them to discover 'experimental morality' they have willingly acknowledged their lack of logic, though that does not prevent them from pretending to reason better than we do — by other means, it is true.

Annie, the heroine of Madame Simone May's novel, *Mon petit*, dreamed only of the finest things. She not only wanted to have a baby, but she wished to overwhelm a man by tenderness and 'by the benedictions of beauty,' thus making a new creation out of him, her first ambition not being sufficient to satisfy the inexhaustible love instinct common to womankind. Judged from the woman's very special point of view, and judged by subtle experts in the field of love, we men rarely appear in their books with flattering qualities. Compared to his charming and generous mistress and his devoted and faithful wife, Gérard cuts a poor figure in Madame Jeanne Maxime-David's novel, *Un Homme comme quelques autres*. The irony of this exquisite work, its minute observation, its discreet, almost confidential, tone — all these qualities make every stroke count. Since mediocrity is the rage, Madame Maxime-David has chosen the current type for her protagonist.

Let us also take note of the fact that women novelists do not present extraordinary male characters, — I mean, neither heroes nor monsters, — and thus they prove themselves to be excellent realists. Their mistake, however, is to give these undistinguished fellows women of superior qualities whose delicacy of sense and feeling escapes their simple natures. Madame Christine Aimery sets against her character of Beatrice a good honest man whose austere morals and rigorous principles breed narrow-mindedness, while his wife's complex nature demands a superior person to understand her. But Madame Aimery aims at impartiality, and her painstaking artistry prevents her from succumbing to the temptation of overpowering her adversary, if not her enemy. She raises herself above the level of her novel and its thesis and cleverly handles a sense of mystery without ever becoming a special pleader for woman's right to a premarital sexual liberty equal to man's. I shall offer only one

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light reproach — she has made use of the slightly heavy and conventional trick of stolen documents to bring the drama to a head.

Another characteristic of women writers of fiction is their partiality for the improbable — a taste that is peculiarly incompatible with their great good sense. Nothing, for instance, could be more fantastic than the plot of Madame Jacques Vincent's delightful novel, *Patricia*, which delicately evokes the soul of a little Hindu girl. It is not the commonest thing in the world for a ruined girl to become overnight the teacher of an *Arabian Nights* princess; though it is true that many distinguished young ladies are forced by a reversal of fortune to transform themselves into pedagogues, preceptresses, and instructors — feminine literature abounds in such types; and almost inevitably in the course of their duties they take unto themselves the father or brother of their pupil.

This is the case with *Mademoiselle de Rivière, institutrice*, whose story Madame Jeanne Landre tells us with her usual good humor, though she does invest her heroine with enough courage to renounce the most seductive of all dreams. You find yourself wondering, however, if Madame Landre was too tender-hearted and loved her gentle, intelligent heroine too much. She follows her conscience-searchings with such attentive solicitude that she cannot abandon her to misfortune once the young lady has made the sacrifice demanded of her.

Madame Lucienne Favre, whose first novel, *Dmitri et la mort*, appeared two years ago, displayed certain traits that Russian authors particularly esteem. The scene of her new novel is laid in Algeria, but this time an atmosphere of buffoonery takes the place of her earlier taste for horror. *Bab-el-Oued* is laid in the Spanish immigrant quarter of the capital of our North African province. Ascencion Martinez lands there with her father and mother and her young sister, Maria. The father dies, and poverty follows. Maria goes to the bad, and Ascencion, in order to keep alive, accepts the propositions of a man of fifty who is captivated, in spite of her ugliness, by her ample figure. Deserted by this lover, Ascencion then establishes herself with the handsome Jules, proprietor of the *bistro* 'Le Guet-Apens,' and prosperity follows. But Jules is killed in a brawl, and Ascencion would have undergone more dark days if she had not been able to convince a certain M. Pourpre, the controller of the tramways, that she possessed a valuable idol — for she was still surrounded by her furniture, which was all of her former splendor that remained. The dupe marries her, and Madame Favre relates in a most amusing manner how the clever girl nourishes M. Pourpre's illusions by continually passing back and forth in front of him the single bank-note that she rescued from the shipwreck. The last part of the book is much the best, for here Madame Favre's touch is absolutely sure, and she displays remarkable skill at satiric observation and a vein of gayety, worthy of Molière, that can rarely be found in writers of her sex. Perhaps her style is not all that it might be. By this I mean that her phrases lack suppleness and seem to keep bobbing out of step. Flexible speech and symmetry of line she does not possess, and both these qualities are in my mind essential to good writing. She also tries to make the story itself improve her own experience in life and lessen her natural ineptitude.

It was a neat stroke of Madame Jeanne Ramel-Cals's to bring out her two little novels, *Amour en province* and *La Belle captive*, within a few

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months, and it would be vain to give a résumé of these books, whose charm arises solely from the interest inherent in their subject. This young woman illustrates her own books, as Madame Gyp once did, and a great deal of our pleasure lies in following in both text and story her fantastic provincial journeys and her observations of provincial types. If there were not something pinched about the smiles of Jules Renard, I should compare them to those of Madame Ramel-Cals, who possesses great spirit and a delicacy that one would call precious if there were not something catlike about it. Clearly Madame Ramel-Cals does not take things tragically. Her attitude toward life and human frailty indicates a malicious disposition by no means devoid of sensibility, and a philosophy, or perhaps an indulgence, that renders her impartial except when she is confronted with something sincere or beautiful. While remaining a woman in the most exquisite way, Madame Ramel-Cals reveals a virile, independent point of view that distinguishes her from her literary sisters. Her originality seduces and holds one's attention. I believe that I can predict a brilliant future for her.

## HERCULANEUM POSSIBILITIES [1]

BY SIR CHARLES WALSTON

[THE author, an American by birth, was formerly Director of the American Archæology School at Athens, and at the time of his death was Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge. Among his many works upon the classics is a volume entitled *Herculaneum: Past, Present, and Future*, published in 1908. The present article is printed in connection with the Italian Government's decision to excavate the remainder of this buried city.]

THE whole civilized world was moved to a high pitch of expectancy by the news of the discovery, and the promise of an early publication, of the lost books of Livy. Though at an early stage the voices of some skeptics and critics were heard, that the news was 'too good to be true,' the disappointment was nevertheless deep and sincere when at last it was realized that the startling reports were false. This incident revealed the universal and deep interest which the majority of people, even those unacquainted with classical learning or letters, take in the culture, literature, science, and art of the ancient classical world, upon which our own culture is to a great degree based, and the intense gratification which would universally be felt if any of the hitherto lost treasures of ancient civilization were again to be revealed to us.

When we remember that, as Professor Gilbert Murray maintains, 'of all the literature produced by the Greeks in the fifth century B.C., we possess about a twentieth part, and of that produced in the seventh, sixth,

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *May*

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and third, not nearly so large a proportion,' we must realize how much has been withheld from us and how great the treasures which the future may possibly restore to us. What would we not give to have, as regards the earlier literature, the whole of the epic and Orphic cycle; the missing tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and, besides Aristophanes, the comedies of Cratinus, Pherecrates, Eupolis, Phrynichus, Menander; the lyric poems of Alcæus, Sappho, Anacreon, Alcman, Arion, Stesichorus, Ibycus, Simonides, Timocreon, and Bacchylides, preceding those of Pindar; the lost speeches of the orators, including those of Lysias; the historians besides Herodotus or Thucydides, and the writers upon art from whom Pausanias and Pliny drew their information; the works of the great philosophers and men of science, the Ionic metaphysicians, the Eleatics, Stoics, and Cyrenaics, the writings of Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Democritus, and Epicurus themselves, the complete works of the astronomer Hipparchus, and innumerable others! The same applies to Roman literature.

We must ask ourselves, therefore, Is there any hope that some of these treasures of ancient literature may be restored to us?

Classical scholars will admit that there is but little chance that ancient manuscripts, even in later transcripts of the early Christian and Mediæval eras, are hidden away in any library in Europe and may some day be discovered. The intense interest in them felt by the scholars, poets, and patrons of literature, art, and science of the Renaissance wakened the watchful eyes of students all over the world for the slightest traces of such manuscripts; and this search has been continued during the following centuries down to the present.

The only hope still rests with the excavation of sites, which in our own days have yielded up so many treasures of ancient art and monuments of historical value; and we are fortunately far removed from having exhausted all these possible sources of future discoveries. But from the nature of the destruction of these centres of classical culture of the ancient world, especially by fire, it is not likely that manuscripts will have survived in legible preservation. And when such centres were destroyed by earthquakes or the continuous ravages of time, ending in complete sepulture under the earth, it is not likely, from the nature of the soil covering them and its chemical constituents, that, at least in Europe, such delicate objects have been preserved. It is true that in Egypt burials of the mummified deceased have led to the preservation of some fragments of manuscripts which are still legible, and that of late years a comparatively rich harvest of classical manuscripts has resulted which has not been without great importance in conveying new information to scholars. This source of archæological discovery is not likely to be exhausted for many years to come. Still, it is hardly probable that the works of any great classical writer, philosopher, or man of science will be restored in anything like their completeness from Egypt.

There remains but one hope that these treasures may some day be unearthed and presented to the expectant world — and that is in the excavation of Herculaneum. For Herculaneum is practically unique in this, and in many other respects, among all the sites of classical antiquity. It differs from all other sites, first, in the nature of its sepulture and the consequent condition of the works hitherto discovered there; and, secondly, from the specific nature of the town itself and its inhabitants

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during the period of its living glory. In both these respects it differs essentially from Pompeii, the neighboring town, which was larger and of greater *commercial* importance.

As regards the conditions of its sepulture and the consequent preservation of the works there discovered, it can never be sufficiently emphasized and repeated that these differed from those of Pompeii. Widespread misconception exists throughout the world that Herculaneum was covered in the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. by hard lava, which makes the work of excavation practically impossible, and, in its burning state, destroyed all ignitable objects, especially delicate manuscripts. Pompeii, which is about five and three-quarter miles from the foot of Vesuvius, or more than twice as far as Herculaneum, was buried by the rain of ashes which the wind, blowing from the northwest, gradually sent over the distant city. The process, though more destructive and terrible, was very similar to that during the recent eruption of about twenty years ago. The inhabitants had every reason to hope that the city might be saved from total destruction; so that many of them lingered on, hiding in cellars and elsewhere. Even ultimately the city was not completely buried, the ashes not reaching a greater height than twenty feet, so that the upper stories of the houses projected after the eruption had ceased. The result was that there was ample time to remove and save all valuables. No doubt the inhabitants returned immediately after the destruction.

In Herculaneum, on the other hand, there is no evidence that time was left to save anything but objects ready to hand and portable; the statues remain on their bases or are found in close proximity to them. In the lower part of the town, where the covering was not so thick, evidence exists that attempts were made to excavate and save what was buried in antiquity. In later times, workers who dug down for wells — such digging in 1709 resulted in the finds which started the first excavations — were casually and sporadically led to seek for treasure in the buried remains. But the mass of ancient Herculaneum was completely entombed to a depth of about eighty feet, which made it impossible for the inhabitants to recover what they had lost. The city was not gradually covered by a rain of ashes lasting for days; but suddenly there appeared a torrent of liquid mud, formed of ashes mixed with water from the torrential rains, or from lakes and rivulets along the courses of which it moved down the slope, which swept all before it. The danger was imminent, and unmistakably recognizable by the inhabitants. There could be no hesitation, no wavering or faltering, no hope such as kept the dwellers of Pompeii in their homes for days praying for the cessation of the catastrophe. Thus a general *sauve-qui-peut* occurred, the stream of mud advancing with terrible, relentless slowness, so that there was time to escape from the town, though most of those who could not flee by the sea must have found their death in the fields of the neighboring country. These conditions explain the circumstance — at first striking us as singular and unexpected — that so many bodies were found at Pompeii and so few at Herculaneum. The one fact, so important for the question we are considering, remains — that Herculaneum differs from Pompeii in that the treasures and all portable objects, including works of art and literature, remained securely buried at Herculaneum, and were not disturbed in later times, as at Pompeii.

A second most important point in which the case for Herculaneum is

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unique among ancient sites — with the exception, perhaps, of Egypt — is the comparatively perfect preservation in which the objects there buried are ready for the hand of the excavator. The stream of liquid mud no doubt swept through the streets and open places, and carried before it all detachable objects; some fragments of statues were found in the lower portions of the city toward the sea, having been pressed down from their position higher in the town. But where the objects were not thus removed and stood firm, the plastic mass became a kind of matrix, covering and preserving the forms it enveloped. Gradually it penetrated the houses, and in these, gently, without violent breakage, it filled up the interior, preserving the articles of furniture and decoration from undue pressure and from the corroding influence of moisture and chemical disintegration, except for the carbonization of wood. It has been maintained that the ashes and pumice stones reached Pompeii in a hot condition, and thus burned, charred, or destroyed objects. The beams of houses were found charred. But it is also held, with greater justification, that the apparent charring was caused by the chemical action of the soil, and that the pumice stones must have been cooled during their transit through the air. Be this as it may as regards Pompeii, the fact remains that the actual finds made at Herculaneum during the excavations of the eighteenth century and later absolutely prove the exceptionally favorable preservative quality of the material covering it. The numerous bronzes to be seen in the museum of Naples have the most delicate patina, preserved with a freshness sometimes approaching the quality of their original production. When one remembers the pitiful state in which, in most excavations, bronzes appear, not only with the surface patina destroyed, but with their outline and design vitiated, one looks forward with the keenest delight to the prospect of the finds of these rarest works of ancient skill which are nearest the original masterpieces of Greek art. For we must never forget that by far the greater number of extant marble statues are later Hellenistic or Roman copies of Greek originals. We find, moreover, that glass is not melted, marble is not calcined, and, above all, that rolls of manuscripts, though carbonized or discolored, are not damaged beyond the possibility of their restoration to a state in which they can be read.

Here we come to one of the most important and exceptional features of Herculaneum, which, moreover, is one of the chief reasons why we consider this site so unique. While we have all been rejoiced by the rich harvest of important manuscripts which have of late years been discovered in Egypt, these manuscripts, from the nature of their use in the tombs and round the mummies of ancient Egypt, necessarily come in isolated numbers and in fragmentary condition. Quite different is the case of Herculaneum. Here in one villa about eight hundred manuscripts were found together, forming the library of one man. Unfortunately, the possessor of this villa was a specialist and not a man of all-round culture; he was a student of ancient thought, in which he again specialized in Epicurean philosophy. The result is that a very large proportion of the manuscripts treat of that subject. Imagine a modern student who collected sermons and left a future excavator to discover a whole library consisting exclusively of this edifying literature, which, however, can hardly be said to be fully representative of the thought or life of our age. But all the rich dwellers in the

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villas of Herculaneum were not such specialists; and, should we come upon the library of an ordinary lady or gentleman of the age, we may certainly expect to find the classical representatives of ancient thought and literary art. One hardly dares to allow one's imagination to roam in these dazzling fields of classical light. Nor is it impossible that we may find contemporary records — letters referring to the origin and the early years of Christianity. All this seems to await us. At least we are forced, in conscientious sobriety, to the conviction that the mere promise makes it the duty of the whole of civilized humanity to strain every nerve in view of the possibility of such discoveries.

The presence of these libraries brings us to a further point of difference between Herculaneum and Pompeii, which constitutes another important ground for the exceptional position of our site. Pompeii was a thriving provincial town, essentially commercial in character and tone. Though possessed of a certain luxury, it was distinctly devoid of higher culture. It is a most striking confirmation of this that, among all the numerous finds made at Pompeii, there has not been a single manuscript. Ruggiero maintains that there were traces of manuscripts at Pompeii, and that their absence is entirely due to the less favorable conditions for preservation there as compared with Herculaneum. We do not share this opinion. It is true there were wax tablets, but these were the account books of an auctioneer. Herculaneum, on the other hand, though a smaller town than Pompeii, was distinctly not a commercial centre. Beloch draws attention to the great number of shops and commercial warehouses, the manifest dwellings of merchants, found at Pompeii. Herculaneum was immediately under the active protection of such families as the Balbi, prominent in the Roman State and representatives of the highest culture. But, especially, its salubrious climate attracted the leaders of the Roman world, such as Servilia, Agrippina, and Consul Appius Claudius Pulcher, who built their villas beyond its walls or in immediate proximity, and these would be filled with works of art and libraries, of which the one villa, attributed by Comparetti and De Petra to L. Calpurnius Piso, gives us a foretaste. Even this villa was not completely excavated, and one of the first tasks will be to complete its excavation. To find an analogy to the character of Herculaneum in modern life we can best turn to Newport in the United States, where the wealthy citizens of America have grouped their splendid villas round the old colonial town. Pompeii, on the other hand, corresponds to the ordinary commercial town in the provinces.

A last reason for the greater promise in the excavation of Herculaneum compared with that of Pompeii, upon which writers like Beulé and Dall 'Osso lay considerable stress, is the contention that Herculaneum was a Greek settlement while Pompeii was Oscan. The conclusion drawn from this is that Greek traditions, preserving the essence of Hellenic civilization, were continuously maintained in their vitality. Though this is not without probability, we hold that it would have been chiefly through the revival and domestication of Hellenic civilization, its art and literature, during the Augustan period at Rome, and through the leading Romans who made their homes at Herculaneum, that Greek art and literature became established in that city.

One thing remains certain — that the finds from Herculaneum furnish a fuller illustration of specifically Greek culture and art than do those of Pom-

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peii. Wickhoff maintains that the paintings found in Rome and at Herculaneum are superior in quality to those of Pompeii. This cannot, under present conditions, be finally settled, for the buildings containing paintings are too few in number, and the examples of painting too isolated, to admit of such a comparison between them and those of Pompeii. Still, nothing from Pompeii seems to me more strikingly to convey the impression of the distinctive characteristics of Greek art than the paintings on marble found at Herculaneum. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the works found at Herculaneum illustrate a distinct love of Greek art as such on the part of the inhabitants. We have representative work of every period of Greek art, from archaic sculpture dating from the great fifth century B.C., down to the eve of the eruption. Whether this means that Greek culture was continuously maintained from the early Greek foundation of the town to its destruction, or that the tradition of such an origin predisposed the inhabitants to Greek culture and art, or that the prominent Roman residents who had winter homes there were patrons of Greek art, the fact remains that, from finds made in earlier excavations, we are justified in hoping — nay, bound to expect — that discoveries of valuable works of Greek art will be made in the future, and this to a far greater extent than at Pompeii or any other site hitherto known in classic lands.

These are the main grounds supporting our contention that Herculaneum is, above all other sites, the one which must be explored, because of the exceptional results to be expected from its complete and systematic excavation. All that we can glean from the ancient authorities is borne out by the excavations carried on in the eighteenth century under the Bourbons, and by the subsequent attempts on a smaller scale. Though these first excavations were conducted with more system and intelligence than is generally attributed to them, as excavations they no longer exist for us. For, with the exception of the underground passages of the theatre, the work has all been filled in again, and even partly built over, and it even required the scholarly and searching labors of a Ruggiero and De Petra to identify the points where this earlier work was done. But, at the time, the enthusiasm throughout the whole civilized world was intense and universal. The Prince of Wales, subsequently George IV, himself sent a mission to the scene of excavation, and undertook at his own cost to further the publication of the manuscripts found there.

After a pause of fifty years, further attempts at excavation were made — first in 1828, at a point where digging had already taken place in the eighteenth century. But after a few houses had been cleared the work flagged, and it was given up completely in 1855. From 1869 to 1875 it was again resumed vigorously, and resulted in the greater part of the *scavi nuovi* representing the parts which are now visible. After 1875 no further attempts were made, and all idea of a complete excavation of Herculaneum was practically abandoned, though occasionally a powerful voice was raised in its advocacy. But the general attitude, even of the archæologist, is represented by the words of Beloch: —

> The newly discovered Pompeii began more and more to absorb all interest, and the work at Herculaneum gradually lapsed into sleep, never again to be seriously resumed. Of all the buildings discovered between 1738 and 1766 only the theatre is accessible. The reason for this lies partly in the situation of the ancient city under the houses of the modern Resina, which

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presumably makes it forever impossible to lay it bare in the manner of Pompeii.

It is, in truth, inexplicable that, after the wonderful finds at Herculaneum in the eighteenth century, and the enthusiasm then aroused, the work should not have been resumed with greater exertions, and the world should have become resigned to leave these treasures forever undiscovered. The main reasons for this are to be found, in the first place, in the fact that Pompeii, with the facile means of its excavation, yielded so many tangible results in the way of buildings and other remains that it soon became the most important Campanian excavation. For the general public believes that the great treasures in the museum of Naples come from Pompeii; or, at least, they group the two sites together in their mind. The ease with which that site is excavated, coupled with the comparatively small sum which has to be devoted to the work there, has led the Italian authorities, perhaps wisely, to concentrate their attention on it. But we must remember that, even with this, the whole of the present century will have passed before Pompeii is completely uncovered.

It was also held that the erection of the town of Resina over the ancient site has made its excavation, if not impossible, at least attended with such enormous cost and inconvenience that the Italian authorities could not reasonably be expected to make such a stupendous sacrifice, especially in view of the numerous and costly archæological researches which they are carrying on, and will have to carry on for many years to come, in every part of their country. Finally, a popular opinion has become current that ancient Herculaneum is covered by a solid and impermeable mass of lava, and that, while Pompeii can be excavated with comparative ease, Herculaneum presents insuperable difficulties. This belief is absolutely unfounded. The hard lava which may have covered the surface of Resina in the seventeenth century is to be found in patches above the actual covering of the ancient remains. Where it occurs, it may, under certain conditions of excavation, even be highly favorable, by producing a solid supporting mass above.

Many years ago, when I was elaborating a plan for the excavation of the site, I consulted perhaps the most eminent engineer of those days, the late Sir Benjamin Baker, as to whether it would be possible, while laying bare those parts of the ancient city nearer the sea, where the *scavi nuovi* have already revealed houses and streets now to be seen, to carry on the main excavations of the ancient city, such a great depth below Resina, without disturbing the existing buildings above. For the portions nearer the sea are covered by a comparatively thin layer of earth, and can, without much trouble and cost, be restored to light. But the main part of this ancient city, solidly covered, above which Resina is built, might be tunneled and excavated completely with the intervening space supported by pillars. Sir Benjamin Baker maintained that this could be done. We should then have before us an underground city with streets and houses, and their contents, lit up by electric light, free from the inclemencies of the weather, and restoring to posterity a complete city as it existed about 1850 years ago. When I discussed the plan with the King of Italy in 1904, His Majesty pointed to a practical modern use to which the excavation operations could be put — namely, the utilization of the earth and the lava fungosa for the harbor work at Naples. In any case, such a perfect underground city of antiquity, besides

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yielding all the treasures of art, literature, and science that we may well anticipate, would be a source of wealth to the district, attracting, as it would, visitors from all parts of the world.

Every year in which this hidden treasure lies buried from the sight of modern man is so much loss to the present and future generations.

*Effodiendum est Herculaneum!*

# EXPLORING FROM THE AIR[1]

BY GENERAL UMBERTO NOBILE

[THIS article commemorates the first anniversary of the author's flight across the Pole.]

OUR Arctic flight was destined to illustrate, more vividly than any previous achievement, what air navigation can contribute to our knowledge of the earth's surface. We reached the North Pole from Spitzbergen in perfect comfort within sixteen hours, while it took Nansen three years to reach the latitude of 86° 14′, and in only thirty hours we traversed the entire Arctic Zone, from circle to circle, over a course of twelve hundred miles previously unexplored. Most of the members of our party had never before seen ice fields. In fact, one novel feature of the enterprise was that it did not require expert Arctic explorers, but merely experienced air navigators. It was not necessary to outfit ourselves with elaborate equipment and with supplies for months, or to select our staff with the care that would have been required for a march across the polar ice.

Unquestionably it is from the air that we shall hereafter explore the unknown regions of the earth. The only question is whether we shall do this by plane or by airship. At the outset we should make a distinction between the apparatus best fitted for making observations during flight and the apparatus most suitable for transporting the explorer and his equipment from point to point.

In the second case the airplane presents several advantages — relative cheapness, less dependence on elaborate supply stations, and ability to work under a greater variety of atmospheric conditions. In addition, the airplane can always perform valuable auxiliary service, not only for transporting persons and supplies, but also for making reconnaissances.

When we contemplate a real journey of exploration, however, where it is desirable to make observations during transit, the dirigible is unquestionably superior. This is due to the fact that its buoyancy is static, not dynamic. It can stop in the air; it can reduce its speed at will without descending; it can remain poised over a certain point as long as is necessary to study details of conformation and geography. The airplane can do none of these things. It cannot remain in a fixed position. It may slow down, of course, but only within certain limits.

Only when at rest or when moving

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Fascist daily), *May* 15



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at a very low rate of speed through the air can we study a terrain satisfactorily. In fact, we can even measure with ease the depth of the sea from a dirigible — something that is quite impossible from an airplane. Other scientific observations can be made with far greater accuracy from a dirigible, not only because the buoyancy of such a ship permits carrying more complicated and efficient apparatus, but also because there is more room to move about and several persons can coöperate in an observation. Furthermore, vibration is far less in an airship than in an airplane; in fact, it can be entirely eliminated for a period by stopping the motors.

To be sure, airplanes can land for observations, but they have to choose with care the place for doing so, and in wild country such points are often rare or nonexistent. In addition, each landing adds greatly to the risk of accident and interruption. The dirigible, on the other hand, can anchor in good weather almost anywhere, and can disembark personnel and supplies with very little risk. Another advantage of the dirigible is its wider radius of action and greater carrying capacity.

We can already build airships able to fly without interruption for ten days at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. That means that we can cover in a single voyage a strip of country six thousand miles long or more, with a corps of scientific observers and a complete laboratory of apparatus. It has frequently been proposed to establish scientific observatories in the Arctic. That is perfectly practicable. A large airship could easily carry to any point selected whatever was necessary to construct and equip such an observatory, a staff, and supplies for their maintenance. After it was once established such an observatory could keep in regular communication with the world by radio and by airplanes.

In the Arctic Zone we are apt to encounter heavy gales of a cyclonic character near the circle, especially in the vicinity of Bering Strait, but closer to the Pole the atmosphere appears to be as a rule relatively calm. Moreover, storms of extreme violence are seldom recorded, and electrical disturbances, which are particularly dangerous to dirigibles, are practically nonexistent. Air navigation in the Arctic, moreover, is favored by continuous daylight during the summer months. Darkness not only interferes with surface observations, but it has a depressing effect upon a vessel's crew. Except for the extremely low temperatures that would be encountered and the comparatively barren results obtained, I see no obstacles to flying in the Arctic even during the winter's night. In the summer the great enemy is fog, which prevents observations and adds greatly to the difficulties and dangers of navigation. During the thirty-six hours we spent crossing from King's Bay to the north coast of Alaska we were in fog more than sixteen hours. This prevented our seeing what was below us. Fortunately the cloud bank was only three thousand feet deep, and we were able to fly above it and thus avoid having ice form on the body and cordage of our ship. Our experience also showed that in many cases the fog bank is high enough to permit a dirigible to fly between it and the surface of the sea or land. We did this during the latter part of our journey when we approached the Alaska coast. Naturally, however, this adds considerably to the danger, especially when approaching mountainous country.

Our voyage lasted from the eleventh to the fourteenth of May. The lowest

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temperature that we encountered was 9.5° above zero Fahrenheit, and the highest was 14° above. On the whole I believe it would be wiser on another occasion to start about one month earlier, since there would be less risk of encountering fog in April, and yet it would not be excessively cold. Furthermore, low temperatures, as long as they do not impede the work of the crew, increase the carrying capacity of the ship.

During our voyage the weather was calm, although on the first leg of the journey, from Spitzbergen to the Pole, the wind at times reached fifteen miles an hour. The pitching and rolling were insignificant, and we might have anchored on several occasions by employing such apparatus as we had on board. But conditions were entirely different over Bering Strait, where we were buffeted violently by the wind.

Naturally the fog that embarrassed us between the Pole and Alaska would have made still greater trouble for an airplane, especially in case of a forced landing. Furthermore, had we so desired we might have slowed down to mere steering way and have waited for the fog to pass. In considering forced landings we must bear in mind that the ice fields of the Arctic are almost invariably so rough that they would wreck a plane. We observed on our trip that this was particularly true along the north coast of Alaska. An airplane would have had a very slight chance indeed of landing anywhere there without injury, and still less chance of being able to take off again.

When our trip was under discussion many predicted disaster from the formation of ice upon the skin of the ship. Experience showed that this danger was exaggerated. Ice did form during the time we were enveloped in the fog, but not in sufficient quantities to cause concern. It accumulated most rapidly and disturbingly on the metal surfaces of the boat except the propellers. Altogether I estimated that it added several hundred kilogrammes to our weight; but that was easily compensated for. The only serious danger came from the fact that the ice which formed on the body of the ship slipped off from time to time, and, striking the propellers, was projected against the skin with sufficient force to cause dangerous perforations. I had foreseen that possibility, but had not been able to provide fully against it. After actual experience, however, I think that it would be possible to forestall the difficulty entirely either by oiling heavily all exposed metal parts or by sheltering the propellers so that ice could not fall on them. In any case it is prudent to avoid as far as possible entering a moist air stratum where the temperature is relatively high. Naturally an airplane would also accumulate ice, but not to the same extent as an airship, since its exposed surfaces are relatively much smaller.

Aerial navigation in the Arctic will always run the risk of meeting heavy snowfalls. Some of the Russian experts were particularly concerned over this. Yet we ran into snowstorms several times between Russia and Alaska without suffering harm, for the snow did not cling to the envelope in any quantities, and the small amount that did so was quickly blown away by the wind.

In Arctic exploration we are compelled to provide not only against fog, ice, and snow, but also against the effect of low temperatures upon vital parts of the machinery like the motors and gas valves. There are more of these vital parts in a dirigible than in an airplane. On the other hand, however, they are more easily repairable when temporarily put out of order. During our trip one of our three motors was

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stopped several times by the formation of ice in the gasoline supply tubes. It was not easy to repair the injury, but nevertheless we managed to do it. Such a mischance would unquestionably have compelled an airplane to make a forced landing, with very little probability that it would ever be able to rise again.

A difficulty which we met with frequently during the war was anticipated on our Arctic flight. This was the formation of ice in the seats of the gas valves when these were opened, preventing their closing tightly afterward and resulting in a serious leakage. Naturally that danger preoccupied me greatly in preparing for the trip, and we succeeded in obviating it entirely by lubricating the valves in a special way and protecting them from outside humidity by hoods. As a result we did not have the slightest trouble from this source during our journey.

Navigation in polar regions requires special apparatus for determining directions. Our three magnetic compasses, however, worked perfectly, as we anticipated in view of the fact that our course lay some distance from the magnetic Pole. During the first part of the trip we found our solar compass a great convenience, because it enabled us to check the magnetic declinations on our charts, but a few hours after we passed the Pole ice put this compass out of service. A Goertz apparatus for measuring speed by observations of the surface below did not give dependable results, for reasons peculiar to our situation. On another trip better methods and instruments could be devised for this object. Nevertheless, our observations were sufficiently close to serve their purpose. We took the altitude of the sun with the sextant and an artificial horizon which I had used in Italy for the past ten years. We were also aided to some extent by the radio, especially between Spitzbergen and the Pole.

On the whole, therefore, it seems quite certain that the dirigible is more suitable than the airplane for Arctic exploration, but that the latter will be very useful for short explorations and for transporting men and supplies between established bases. An airship, however, is more expensive and takes longer to prepare than does an airplane. Problems of equipment, the establishment of a base, and the selection of personnel, are more difficult and costly for the former than for the latter. To compensate for this, the results are correspondingly greater.

I think our experience sufficiently proves this. We traveled with a relatively small dirigible from Rome to Teller in one hundred and sixty-five hours, of which seventy-one hours were uninterrupted flying across the Arctic Zone from King's Bay to Alaska. We encountered exceptionally unfavorable atmospheric conditions — snow, mist, gales, and ice. Yet our trip was but a preliminary reconnaissance: we showed how to do it. As a feat of air navigation it was a grand success. As a scientific exploration of the country it gave but modest results. This was due to the fact that fogs cut off our view of the surface for hours and hours, because our scientific instruments were inadequate, and because our crew was not sufficiently prepared for its task. We did ascertain, however, that no large continent lies between the North Pole and Alaska. That is the only definite conclusion after having covered an unexplored zone perhaps sixty miles wide and fourteen hundred miles long We did not see all this region, because considerable stretches of it were obscured by mists. We were not able to determine the depth of the sea, compass variations, or differences in gravity. A great mass of scientific facts

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therefore remains to be gathered from this vast area.

Conditions in the Antarctic are entirely different from those in the Arctic. The South Pole is surrounded by a great ice-capped continent instead of by an ice-covered ocean. It is a continent with high plateaus and lofty mountains. We do not know much of the meteorology of this region, except that it is less propitious for air navigation than that of the Arctic Zone. The mere fact that it is necessary to fly over a plateau constitutes an unfavorable condition. The extreme violence of the winds that prevail there, and other unpromising factors, immeasurably increase the risk of air travel. An expedition to the South Pole would require a very large dirigible, operating from an elaborate base on the edge of the continent, in the most favorable possible site. The airship would have to be able to cover nine or ten thousand miles, at an altitude of over twenty-five thousand feet. On the other hand, airplanes might do better, for it would be possible to establish permanent stations at many points on the Antarctic continent. That would require, however, long and costly preparation.

# THE POST-WAR NOVEL IN ENGLAND [1]

## A CRITICAL REVIEW

BY H. C. HARWOOD

One can hardly consider the post-war novel without some reference to the pre-war novel. The comparison has to be made. Therefore let us start fair by dismissing certain illusions cherished by the very young and tacitly authorized by the very old.

First Illusion: That in 1918–19 novelists became frank and daring. They did nothing of the kind. A Mr. Arlen recently won some notoriety by referring to a venereal disease called syphilis. More than thirty years ago Madame Sarah Grand wrote *The Heavenly Twins*, in which all the complications and consequences of this disease were discussed far more fully than Mr. Arlen dared. Moreover, Mr. Arlen was dealing in sentimental melodrama, Madame Grand was writing seriously for serious people. I need not, I hope, go on to explain that night clubs were not, as youngsters believe, invented in 1920, and that the freedom of women reached its zenith in the last years of the last century, since when it has steadily declined. Here my point is only to explain that, certain sniggerers apart, the novelists of to-day are more strongly inhibited than the novelists of the last generation. If anyone doubts this fact I shall be pleased, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, to send him the titles of nineteenth-century works that would make the modern novelist blush.

Second Illusion: That the modern young woman is something uniquely

[1] From the *Outlook* (London Independent weekly), *May* 7

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potent. She is as old as history. The earliest records of our race show her bullfighting, and in the sixties — to come down to comparatively recent times — she was being reprimanded for showing too much stocking, for smoking in public, and for pretending to rival men in field sports or in professions. If comparisons can be made between generations, the 'curve' might be thus described: Our grandmothers wanted to be Prime Ministers; our mothers won the right to become dentists; our sisters slap at the typewriter till Mr. Right comes along and rescues them. On the whole it would be difficult to find a date whereat women mattered less than they do to-day.

Third Illusion: That the form of the novel has substantially changed. If old Thackeray were alive to-day, he would observe that in essentials the novel form has not changed during the last seventy years. 'You get,' he would say, 'rather less for your money, though, I am glad to see, several of your most distinguished novelists are reverting to the quarter-million standard' — Bennett, Galsworthy, Ford, Cannan, Brett Young, Lawrence. 'And you pretend to be shocked or amused by things I took in my stride. A Mr. James Joyce is experimenting with original forms, and a Mrs. Woolf is doing things that I could not have done even if I had wanted to. For the rest your novels are etiolated and quarter-baked versions of mine.' Thackeray is right.

Fourth Illusion: That mention of Black Bottom and Cocktails makes a writer up to date. To the high gods who live without time in eternity the Black Bottom is one with the Cake Walk and the Polka, and Cocktails with Brandy-and-Sodas, that daring drink of the hard-faced huntswoman. Even as I write, the Black Bottom is yielding to some more ingenious imitation of drunken Negroes. As most novels are finished six months before publication, the novelist should realize how rash it is to be topical.

Fifth Illusion: That the younger generation is better than the old. This is the most easily exploded of fallacies, but the most persistent. It is in all probability to be encouraged if the world is to advance. Alas, that this pathetic fallacy has had no better results, and that the average student repeats the follies of his father without having attained to his father's common sense.

These illusions dismissed, let us consider whether any meaning should be attached to the phrase 'modern novel.' In all probability there should. There is in contemporary fiction a detachment from accepted standards of morality, and from all political activities, that never has been known before. It does not work. The most detached are the least interesting. But the phenomenon is there; make of it what you will.

The two best books of our time, however, are not open to such reproaches. Miss Romer Wilson, in her *Death of Society*, brought off the double feat of suggesting Fairyland without deserting the Land of Every Day. Ibsen had done it before — does it nearly always; and since his time Miss Wilson was the first to do it again. Then there came *A Passage to India*, in which without stint Mr. Forster poured out the rich resources of his sympathetic intelligence. One or other of these two books deserves to be called the best book of the 1918–1926 period.

Mr. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, and all his subsequent novels, display an imagination brighter and more powerful than anyone's since Blake. But — alas! — the intelligence is wanting, and, as in the case of Blake, philosophy best described as an idiosyncrasy is

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forever clouding the bright lights of the poet's imagination. Mr. Lawrence is able more thoroughly to make a fool of himself than any man living. If he gets away from his own silliness he is superb. But he is not to be trusted; no, we cannot give him rope.

Of the elder authors, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett have done well. Mr. Galsworthy persists with the Forsytes, and, from all I hear, has done very well with them. Mr. Bennett, after publishing *Riceyman Steps*, again began to be treated as a serious author, and showed that he had not lost the qualities that, in *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger*, made him great. The English, unhappily, are a loyal race. A public clearer-minded than ours would long ago have fled from these shadows of ancient celebrity, as they would from Mr. Walpole, Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Maxwell, and all other exponents of Literature without Tears.

The Powys complex, however, has not proved wholly unentertaining, and has stimulated various authors to be casual about sexual relations. Of such novels *Ducdame* and *The Death Watch* are the best yet produced.

And as no review of modern fiction, apparently, is complete without mention of *Ulysses*, let me frankly conclude by stating that this abominable work was found by me to be so disgusting that whatever beauty may have been casually caught in it seemed no more important than a kitten buried under a dung heap. I am sorry to give myself away like this. But, in the phrase of an elder critic, *Ulysses* will not do!

The eccentrics generally have failed, as they always fail, to make good. The traditionalists, as usual, have exploited their own reputations. The realists have grown duller and duller. The romanticists have too blindly speculated on their reputations. In short, the years 1918–27 yield at most three very good novels.

## ON SHOTOVER

BY G. E. H. GRIGSON

[*Oxford Magazine*]

THE shaken poplar leaves
Are singing like small rain;
Their music-master thrush
Is quiet again.

Across the dusk beneath,
Between the hawthorn trees,
Are gliding traffic lights,
Strange golden bees.

Amber is in the moon,
And when I bend to look
She's written shapes of grass
Thin on my book.

I read no more to-night.
The gold bees cross the plain:
The shaken poplar leaves
Sing like small rain.

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# LITERARY THESES[1]

BY PÍO BAROJA

A SPANISH novelist resembles a peanut peddler.

'But, man, what resemblance do you see there?'

A very close one. Take my case. I sell six or eight thousand copies of my new books every year. If the seven or eight thousand purchasers lived in the same town, a person might know what they liked, what sort of people they were. But six or eight thousand readers scattered all over Spain and Latin America, and in London, Paris, New York, Hamburg, and Rotterdam, are like a drop of water in the sea. Some have advised me to consult the taste of the public. But how do I know what the taste of the public is? And where is the public? As I said above, a Spanish novelist's trade is like the trade of a peanut peddler. The latter sallies forth in the street some fine morning with a big basket of peanuts and sells them all in an hour. The next day he may go out and not sell any. Why? He does n't know. The peanut peddler and the Spanish author do not know where to find their public, nor what their public is. Their possible clientele is too large and their business is too small to establish any logical relation between the two.

'So you contend that, when I see a peanut peddler with his roaster and pint cup, I am likely to confuse him with a novelist? And, on the other hand, when a new novel comes out, I might as well shout, "Hot roasted!"?'

Unquestionably, that is what we all shout whenever a new novel or any other book comes out — 'Hot roasted!'

Every generation tidies up after its predecessor and musses things up for its successor.

All that is needed to demonstrate this thesis is to make a list of the writers in any literature who were hostile to those of the previous generation, and then to try to make a parallel list of those who have identified themselves with that generation.

It is like what happens in our Spanish railway trains. A new lot of passengers come in. They find the cushions dirtied up by somebody's boots, and orange peels, bonbon papers, and nutshells scattered all over the floor. They ejaculate in disgust, 'Those people that just went out were a dirty lot!' and slap the dust off the cushions and kick out the orange peels before they sit down. They think they are the really tidy people in the world.

Eight or nine hours later these neat, refined, cultivated passengers get out of the train and another crowd gets in. The new occupants look around the car with disgust, observe banana peelings on the floor and a big wad of greasy lunch paper in one corner of a seat, and exclaim, 'Those passengers that just got out were swine.'

And that goes on day after day. The passengers say, 'They were dirty pigs.' The writers say they were 'stupid old fools,' or 'coarse old

[1] From *La Gaceta Literaria* (Madrid literary semimonthly), *January* 15, *February* 1



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brutes,' or 'pedantic old bigwigs.' It all means the same thing.

In all intellectual pursuits, it is not intellectual quality that we appreciate. Thus we esteem a doctor for his sympathetic manner, a comic actress for her exceptional fidelity to her husband, a great scholar for his amiability, a writer for his beard, an orator for his spotless cuffs, a journalist for his brilliantly polished shoes. Those are the things we are sure to mention when we speak of them.

My contemporaries in the journalistic world may be divided into three classes — writers, desk men, and foot men. Of these three classes the most appreciated and popular in the editorial office are the foot men. The writers are accounted pedantic fellows who try to shine by writing dull and learned stuff at their homes. The desk men are regarded as parasites who live upon the work of the foot men. The latter are the real props of the press. They are the men who hunt up the concierge to find out what the criminal did the day in question. The bright things you see in the paper are almost invariably the product of the foot man; he is the Unknown Soldier of the press world. But if we could only develop a fourth class, the tiptoe, or Peeping Tom journalist, his success would be unbounded.

# BAKUNIN'S CONFESSION[1]

BY DR. F. K.

A GREAT number of diplomatic documents of the first importance have been unearthed among the secret archives of St. Petersburg since the Russian Revolution. Few of them will be of more interest, not only to the professional scholar but also to the general public, than Bakunin's almost legendary *Confession*, which has been mentioned in practically every revolutionary memoir, but has never hitherto been published.

Bakunin, the father of Communist anarchism, wrote this *Confession* in his cell in the Fortress of Peter and Paul late in 1851. It was addressed to Tsar Nicholas I. After the abortive revolt at Dresden in 1849, Bakunin fell into the hands of the Saxon Government, which had quickly suppressed the outbreak with the help of Prussian troops. He was condemned to death, but was turned over to the Austrian authorities at their request, and, after a long investigation of his revolutionary activities in Prague, was condemned to death a second time by a court-martial. Immediately afterward, however, he was surrendered to the Russian Government as a Russian subject and a former Imperial Russian artillery officer, and was taken via Krakow and Warsaw to St. Petersburg, where he was placed in solitary confinement in the Fortress of Peter and Paul. He languished there until the death of Tsar Nicholas I in the spring of 1857. After his long isolation from

[1] From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *April* 22

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any human contact had reduced him to a nervous wreck, his sentence was finally commuted by Tsar Alexander II to banishment in Siberia. In 1861 he succeeded in escaping from his place of exile and reaching London.

The *Confession*, which Bakunin wrote in 1851 at the Tsar's desire, gives a cross section of the European revolutionary movement during the exciting years that focused in 1848. It also presents a sort of portrait gallery of the more important radicals associated with the European revolutionary movement about the middle of the last century. Moreover, it is remarkable from a literary point of view, full of vivid, relentless, searching criticisms and appraisals, and truly Russian in the debasing self-humiliation — recalling Karamazov — with which the dangerous revolutionary groveled in the dust before his hated tyrant. Its story reaches a dramatic climax in a description of the February revolution in Paris, the insurrection of the Czechs during Easter 1848, and the Dresden May revolt in 1849.

This unsparing self-revelation of a Slavic revolutionary is of poignant contemporary interest, because it proves the remarkable identity of the dominant political currents of to-day with those of 1848, and reveals with glaring distinctness the obscurer and deeper movements of mass psychology which came to the surface amid the chaos and confusion that followed the collapse of the Central Powers in the World War. What German can read without a gasp of wonder the following passage from the *Confession:* —

'The Czech Party was not satisfied with its general precedence in Austria. Supported by its semiofficial character and by the flattering promises made it at Innsbruck, it hoped to set up a sort of hegemony for its own profit, which would give Czech nationalism and the Czech language precedence over those of the other Slavs. Besides absorbing Moravia, it sought to unite the Slavic territories with Bohemia, Austrian Silesia, and Galicia; and threatened the Poles, if they objected, with a Ruthenian revolt. In a word, the Czech Party planned to create a powerful kingdom.'

So this sharp-eyed Russian observer was clearly aware of these ambitious Czech designs as early as the summer of 1848! Is n't this practically the same programme that the Czechs brought to Versailles more than seventy years later — a programme which they had cherished and labored upon for several generations? The other participants in the famous Slavic Congress at Prague were quite as grasping as the Czechs, however, and the contradictory attitudes of the Poles and the South Slavs toward Hungary already contained the germ of Poland's present aloofness from the Little Entente.

'The South Slavs were interested only in preparing for a war upon Hungary, and tried to persuade the other Slavs to defer dealing with their internal questions until Hungary was completely subdued — some even said until the Hungarians were driven clear out of the country. The Poles would not consent to that, and tried to mediate between the two, but neither the South Slavs nor, as I have heard, the Hungarians would accept their good services. Each group had its own interests exclusively in view and tried to make the others its saddle horse to reach its goal — the Czechs most of all.'

How illuminating, again, as forecasting contemporary dreams and policies in this part of Europe, is the following: —

'Half of Prussian Silesia, the greater part of West and East Prussia, — or, in a word, all the Slavic and Polish-speaking territories, — are to be taken away

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from Germany. My own fancy, however, soared even wider. I believed and hoped that the Hungarians, compelled by their geography, their isolation amid Slavic peoples, and their temperament, which is more Eastern than Western, and all Moldavia and Wallachia also, would join the Slavic Union, and that in this way a new, free Eastern Empire would come into existence.'

Hungary, the Hungarian revolution, Kossuth, and Count Teleki reappear time and again in the pages of this remarkable document. Bakunin tells us that as late as the spring of 1847 Hungarian soldiers were greeted by the people of Prague with cheers for Kossuth. He also tells us how a squadron of Hungarian hussars, unable to escape to Hungary, galloped across the border into Saxony when they heard of the Dresden revolution. To this he adds: 'Since then more than two years have passed, and the Austrian Government has doubtless done everything in its power to extirpate the revolutionary spirit — the Kossuth spirit — in the Hungarian regiments. But this spirit is so deeply rooted in the heart of every Hungarian — and even deeper in the hearts of the humble than of the high — that I feel certain that in case of war hurrahs for Kossuth would be enough to drive them to mutiny.' These words, written in prison by a man who had never been in Hungary and who had never known the Hungarian people first-hand, testify to his extraordinarily deep insight into the sentiment of the nation at that time.

This typical Russian's most remarkable and significant passages (he writes: 'The longer I lived abroad the more keenly conscious I felt of my Russian blood. I never ceased to be a Russian') are those in which he paints a prophetic picture of the future Russian Revolution. We must bear in mind that, at the time when the prison doors closed behind Bakunin, Socialism and Communism were known only in the romantic form in which they had been preached by Proudhon and Fourier. Marx, then editor of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, was still identified with bourgeois democracy, and the Communist Manifesto could not possibly have been known to Bakunin when he wrote his *Confession.* Nevertheless, untouched as he was by any Marxian influence, he declared that Communism was impracticable in the East, or indeed in any Slavic country. Note these words: 'I believe that a strong dictatorship is more necessary in Russia than anywhere else — a dictatorship devoted entirely to elevating and enlightening the masses, a dictatorship liberal in tendencies and spirit, but without parliamentary institutions, a dictatorship surrounded by people having the same ideals as itself, advised by such people and strengthened by their voluntary support, but unhampered in the free exercise of its authority.'

In another place Bakunin sketches the plan prepared for a Czech revolution in the summer of 1849, in which he already designed to confiscate practically all private property, adding: 'All societies, newspapers, and other mouthpieces of voluble anarchy were to be abolished. Everything was to be subordinate to a single dictatorial authority.'

There you have a pure culture of Russian political doctrine, without the slightest alloy of political and philosophical compromise, Eastern Marxism before and without Marx, the sum and substance of the dictatorship in Moscow to-day! Nowhere has the contrast between European and Russian thought been more tersely and incisively stated.

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# BUSINESS ABROAD

*Economic Conference*

EUROPEAN opinion regarding the results of the Geneva Economic Conference varied widely according to the national sympathies and the League-attitude of observers. Some of the most hostile comment came from Germany. *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* of Berlin said editorially before the Conference finished its sessions: 'It would be a good thing if it were to adjourn as soon as possible. Interminable declamations over the simplest business commonplaces are more likely to deepen than to bridge over the divisions among the members. The ground was not well prepared for the Conference. To ask a couple of dozen economists and specialists from different countries to prepare reports which apparently not one delegate in a hundred had read was no preparation. Too much confidence was placed in the idea that a few hundred men could gather together from all parts of the earth, talk over their troubles, and come to a sensible conclusion as to how to remedy them. There was no basis for such optimism.' Several correspondents persisted in regarding the meeting as a tournament between France, led by M. Loucheur, with her programme for perfecting a system of international trusts and maintaining high tariffs, and England, represented by Sir Arthur Balfour, favoring free trade, and discountenancing international monopolies. *Vossische Zeitung* declared: 'England has won along the whole line; France is defeated.' The French and British attitudes respectively were very similar to what they were at Paris when the League Covenant was drafted. France then desired to set up a superstate with an army of its own, while England stood out for a looser and less compulsory organization. M. Loucheur, with the sympathy, let it be said, of Socialist labor on the Continent, wished to organize at Geneva a sort of economic senate empowered to exercise a large degree of control over international industrial affairs. Germany, which like England is deeply concerned in extending its export markets, stood out against the French thesis. A *Manchester Guardian* correspondent summarized the Conference's work as follows: —

1. That nations should take steps forthwith to diminish those tariff barriers that gravely hamper trade.

2. That commercial treaties should be concluded on a wide scale on a principle of unconditional most-favored-nation treatment.

3. The abandonment of the practice of establishing an excessive tariff for bargaining purposes.

4. That export duties, particularly on raw materials, should not be imposed for the purpose of reducing foreign trade to normal.

5. Governments should as far as possible refrain from granting subsidies, since these are an important obstacle to the restoration of foreign trade to normal.

6. While dumping should be reduced to a minimum by the reduction of the high tariffs which facilitate it, antidumping measures should not be excessive, indirect, or vexatious.

7. Countries should refrain from frequent or sudden changes in their customs duties.

8. That steps be taken for the simplification and standardization of customs nomenclature.

9. That fiscal and legal equality of treatment be granted between foreigners ad-



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mitted to a state and the nationals of that state.

10. Subject to certain exceptions, import and export restrictions and prohibitions should be rescinded.

*Business in Britain*

Dr. Hermann Levy of the Technical University in Berlin concludes, after a survey of British industry, that sweeping predictions of its decline or protracted stagnation are not justified. Coal mining and some older lines of manufacturing are handicapped by obsolete technique and organization. Britain's inability to join the European Steel Cartel was due largely to the fact that English iron and steel works have not developed the modern large-scale organization necessary for such international agreements. New industries, however, like artificial silk, are technically abreast those of any other country. Wherever it is possible to control markets, English manufacturers are as quick to form trusts as are their American and Continental competitors; but the number of industries that can do this successfully is lessened by the large place export trade plays in Britain's industrial economy. Branches of business that have successfully concentrated are calico printing, dyeing and bleaching, the manufacture of sewing thread, tobacco, Portland cement, salt, chemicals, artificial silk, soap, glass, carpets, cordage — to say nothing of exotic lines of production like petroleum and rubber. Where industries have been able to concentrate they have made high profits, as the following current dividend records testify: Imperial Tobacco Company, twenty-four per cent; Salt Trust, twelve and one-half per cent; Bradford Dyers' Trust, in spite of the depression of the industry, ten per cent; Courtauld's Artificial Silk, twenty-two and one-half per cent; English Sewing Cotton Company, twenty per cent; Calico Printers, fifteen per cent; Inverness Paper Company, twenty-five per cent; Bryant and May Matches, twelve and one-half per cent; Whiskey Trust, twenty per cent. On the other hand, standardization is much more difficult in a country selling mainly to export markets than in a country serving principally a uniform domestic market, since the type and quality of goods in the former case must be diversified to suit customers with various standards and styles of living, and in different climates and continents. Even branches of British manufacturing which are still the most handicapped by old traditions are nevertheless vigorous and vital. For example: 'English cotton industry, although it has retrograded since 1914, is still by far the largest in the world. While the United States exports cotton goods to the value of about one hundred and fifty million dollars annually, England exports to the value of one billion dollars. These figures are more important than percentage comparisons showing that England's share of world output or world exports is not as large as formerly and that she consumes less American cotton than she did. Absolute figures are the determining factors in the situation, especially when we remember that England is still in a position to abandon less profitable branches for more profitable branches of manufacturing. That transition, which has been accelerated in a degree by the present depression, is naturally a painful one, but it is a permanent and not ungratifying feature of her present industrial situation.'

The recent understanding between Imperial Chemical Industries and the great German chemical combine calls attention to the miscellaneous character of the products manufactured by these huge industrial corporations. For example, Imperial Chemicals, through its member Nobel Industries,

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is a large holder of General Motors Corporation stocks, and heavily interested in the manufacture of the Chevrolet, Buick, Oldsmobile, Cadillac, and other well-known models of motor cars. It also manufactures and sells large numbers of Frigidaires and washing machines.

Arcos, Ltd., which has been in the headlines since the raid on its London headquarters, is short for 'All-Russia Coöperative Society, Ltd.,' and is a registered British corporation with a paid-up capital of four and one-half million dollars. It was founded in 1920, and for a time was practically the only agency handling trade between Great Britain and Russia. During the first five years of its existence it did business to the amount of three hundred and fifty million dollars, and of late has purchased goods to the value of over one hundred million dollars annually in Great Britain. About seventy per cent of the orders have been on one- and two-year credits. Arcos is not, however, the only Russian organization at present trading with Great Britain. The Centrosoyus, or Central Organization of Coöperative Societies, Russian Oil Products, Ltd., and minor bodies, are also engaged in selling Russian products and purchasing manufactures abroad. Among the more important exports of Russia are furs, timber, flax and hemp, and manganese ores. Butter, eggs, and bristles also total heavily in her foreign sales.

The recent spurt in the Lancashire cotton industry seems to have been overdone, for rising prices have checked orders, and the increasing stoppages of looms have forced the spinners to curtail their output by five per cent. Some light is thrown on the status of the industry by the report of Crosses and Winkworth Consolidated Mills, Ltd., of Bolton, a twenty-million-dollar combination whose constituent companies operate well over one million spindles. The Company paid no dividends last year, though it earned a net profit of about half a million dollars, the balance of which, after writing off almost the total sum for depreciation, was carried to reserves.

When the number of unemployed in Great Britain fell below one million on May 9, for the first time since the General Strike, a chorus of self-congratulation rose from the British press. To be sure, some industries were slipping back. Coal mining, cotton spinning, and the manufacture of steel and of tin plate were employing fewer workers than earlier in the year. The Labor *Daily Herald* criticizes the figures *in toto*, contending that they 'do not mean that there are fewer than a million people unemployed in this country. The Government's "tightening-up" decisions have disqualified applicants for unemployment benefit on an unprecedented scale, and a large number of workless are outside the reckoning of the employment exchanges.' An analysis in the London *Statist* makes Great Britain's debt burden nominally about eighteen times as heavy as it was in 1914. This is due partly to higher interest rates, which averaged about 2.55 per cent before the war, as compared with over four per cent at present. Allowing for changes in the purchasing power of money, however, the real burden of the debt is less than these figures indicate. Depression has not affected the whiskey business in Great Britain, if we may judge from the Buchanan-Dewar report, which shows increased profits approaching half a million dollars last year, and has started rumors of an increase of dividends on the common stock from twenty-five per cent to twenty-eight per cent. One of the first important actions of Great Britain's Central Electricity Board

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has been to concentrate the production of electricity in the principal district of Scotland — covering practically the whole industrial belt from the Clyde eastward — in a small number of highly efficient stations with a standardized current frequency. This will reduce the number of stations in constant operation from thirty-six to ten.

*The Transatlantic Coal Market*

The end of the strike has not materially bettered conditions in the coal industry, according to the *New Statesman*, which represents them as going 'from bad to worse.' Though exports are large, they are being sold at unremunerative prices, especially in South Wales, where wages are falling, collieries are closing down, and there is severe unemployment. Production figures remain high because the modern mines are able to raise all the coal that can be sold. British competition is depressing conditions in Belgium and Germany, and there is an urgent call for an international organization of the trade. In fact, English retail coal prices have been drastically reduced, the maximum cut reaching three dollars a ton in London, and British consumers are paying less for fuel than they did before the war. Almost simultaneously the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate petitioned to increase domestic prices in Germany seven and one-half per cent on account of an increase of five per cent granted to the miners in that country under a recent compulsory award, but the authorities promptly refused the application. The real reason for the proposed boost, according to *Der Deutsche Volkswirt*, was the desire of the Syndicate 'to compensate itself by higher prices in its protected market for the low prices it must make abroad' — that is, to compete with British coal. During the first quarter of 1926 German demand continued active. March, which is usually a particularly poor month, showed sales of nearly eleven million tons in excess of those for March a year ago. Output in Germany is rising rapidly, although the number of miners employed is less than before the war, on account of the consolidation of workings and improvements of equipment.

*Germany's Black Friday*

Friday the thirteenth of May was a black day on the Berlin Stock Exchange. A wave of speculation as wild as any in the inflation period had pushed security quotations to abnormal heights. People continued to gamble although prominent industrialists like the directors of the great Ludwig Loeweschen Machine Works tried to stop the madness by public statements that their shares were ridiculously overvalued in the market. Companies engaged in mining, shipping, textile manufacturing, and in every other branch of production whose stocks and bonds were registered on the exchanges, were involuntarily victims of the fever; for shares were sold at prices far beyond their actual earning power. When the collapse came, with an average fall of ten to twelve points in all listed securities, — and a fall of over one hundred and forty-three points in the shares of the Glanzstoff, the great artificial silk company, within twenty-four hours, — panic ensued. So many blamed Dr. Schacht, the director of the Reichsbank, who had bitterly opposed the late speculative tendencies, that the 'Savior of the Mark' was forced to make a public statement to the effect that he had not compelled the big Berlin banks to restrict brokers' loans, but that these institutions had acted on their own initiative. Among the incidental effects of the crisis was a fall in French securities due to forced realization sales by German owners. The monetary crisis in Germany seems to have had its

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origin in heavy borrowing abroad, especially on short terms, which made domestic credit very easy. Within about twelve months the bank rate was reduced from nine per cent to five per cent, principally for the purpose of stimulating German industry. Unfortunately, however, cheap money attracted speculators, who were quicker to seize the opportunity than were manufacturers and exporters, with the result that Stock Exchange quotations soared skyward. The present limitation on brokers' credits will not, it is said, affect legitimate business.

Krupps has apparently emerged with flying colors from its rumored financial difficulties. February was the best month the firm has experienced since the stabilization of the mark, and orders are twice as large as they were a year ago. The German Potash Syndicate's sales for the first four months of 1927 were nearly five hundred and ninety thousand metric tons of pure potash, an increase of about one fifth over the same period in 1926, and it is rumored that another advance in prices is under contemplation.

*Russia*

Apparently the Soviet authorities have taken notice of the unsatisfactory status of their concessions to foreigners. Alarmed by the failure of the German Mologa Timber Company, which has turned its grant back to Moscow after heavy losses, they have canceled the requirement in Mr. Harriman's manganese contract in Georgia compelling him to broaden the gauge of the railway from the mines to tidewater, and have promised to equalize competitive conditions between these mines and the Government-operated Nikopol mines. In general they have announced a new and more liberal concession policy than hitherto. According to the report of the Russia State Bank, the Soviet Union now has as much land under cultivation as in 1916, and the grain crop has reached ninety-seven per cent of the average pre-war figure. Cattle have actually increased since 1913, though there has been a falling off of one fifth or more in the number of horses. While the outputs of coal and petroleum are rapidly approaching the 1913 level, less than one half as much iron is made as before the war.

*Italy*

Bonaldo Stringher, in his recent report to the shareholders of the Banca d'Italia, said that during 1926 manufacturing in Italy was less active and prosperous than in 1925, and that the unfavorable change was more pronounced during the latter half of the year. He ascribed the slowing up of industry to lessened domestic demand, anticipated lower prices, the difficulty in holding foreign markets because of currency readjustments, a fuel shortage due to the British coal strike, a shrinkage in circulating capital, higher bank rates, slow collections, some increase of unemployment, and irregularity of exchange accompanied by oscillations in the price of raw materials. Among the industries most seriously affected were the manufacture of natural and artificial silk, which improved, however, toward the close of the year; cotton spinning, which is still depressed; the wool manufacture, which has suffered less and has maintained its exports at their previous level; and the linen and jute manufacture, which have been hard hit by fluctuations in the raw-material market. Mining and quarrying on the whole have been prosperous, and the iron and steel industry, which is of rather moderate dimensions, did about as well as the preceding year. Motor-car manufacturing, after a prosperous beginning, experienced a setback forcing radical price reductions. Shipbuilding was unusually active, and the chemical industries, with the exception of the dye manufacture, reported more than satis-

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factory progress. The same could be said of electrical manufactures. The farmers did fairly well, despite a short wheat crop. Italy is in a better situation than most European countries that have stabilized their currency, however, because agriculture, which is still the dominant industry, has not been hard hit by deflation. Manufacturing on Government account is also relatively unaffected by the crisis. The authorities are encouraging export manufactures by exports credit insurance and favorable railway rates. But this is putting a heavy strain upon the State itself. The recent lictorial bonds cannot be listed on the Stock Exchange, because the older bonds are quoted five per cent lower than the emission price of the newer issue. Among the real achievements of the present Government is the completion of a new short line between Rome and Naples, popularly styled *La Direttissima*. Work was actually begun before the war, but was suspended by that event. The line will be open for public service on October 28, the anniversary of the Fascist March on Rome. It reduces the distance between the two cities from one hundred and fifty-five miles to one hundred and thirty-five miles, and is expected to shorten the time of travel from four hours to three hours. As it follows an entirely new route, much closer to the sea than the older railroad, and nearly identical with that of the ancient Appian Way, it is expected to contribute considerably to the economic development of the intervening territory.

*Asia*

Business eyes are increasingly attracted to Turkey, where large schemes of internal development are under way and the question of securing some return on pre-war investments, particularly in the Bagdad Railway, has again arisen. The Anatolian section of the railroad has been virtually in Turkish Government receivership since 1924, preliminary to settling with European claimants and converting the property *de jure* into what it already is *de facto*, a Government undertaking. About six hundred miles of roadbed, port terminals, and a modest amount of rolling stock, valued altogether at something over fifty million dollars, are involved. Recently the Turkish authorities seem to have swung around to the idea that it might be better to return the property to its original owners, instead of trying to operate it as a State undertaking. So far, like most Government enterprises, it has lost money heavily for the Turkish Treasury.

The ratification of the commercial treaty between Great Britain and Siam last March abolishes every shadow of extraterritoriality and restores to the native Government complete control over its tariff. Hitherto Siam has been bound by treaty to levy no import or export tariffs higher than three per cent. The Government immediately took advantage of its new freedom to raise many duties to five per cent, and those upon luxuries like liquor and cigarettes to twelve per cent and twenty-five per cent respectively.

Agitation for higher duties in Australia has increased of late, and many old-established industries have applied to the Tariff Commission for duties of sixty per cent, with a preferential abatement of one fourth on British goods. Imports from Germany and Japan are growing. American manufacturers who have built up markets in Australia under the lower duties hitherto prevailing are reported to contemplate the same policy they have pursued in Canada, of building factories inside the tariff walls.

Although Japan's new capital investments in April were smaller than in March or than in April one year ago, they still totaled, according to bank ac-



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counts, over ninety million dollars. It would appear, therefore, that despite the depression Japan is at least nominally growing richer. Wheat imports are nearly double those of ten years ago, on account of the increasing consumption of flour in place of rice. The liabilities of the Suzuki concern, which apparently approach two hundred million dollars, will probably be covered by its assets unless the receivers are forced to sell at a sacrifice. One of its fifty enterprises, the Teikoku Rayon Company, represents between ten and fifteen million dollars invested in plants alone, which with the completion of extensions now under way will yield a net profit of six million dollars per annum. The Mitsui interests, which are still larger than the Suzuki group, will probably absorb the latter's sugar enterprises. According to the Camphor Monopoly Bureau, nearly four million pounds of refined camphor were produced in Japan last year. This is considerably less than a few years ago, although prices have been reduced in order to meet the competition of synthetic camphor from Germany, whose product is now about seven million pounds. The Swedish Match Corporation is reported to have acquired the Toyo Match Manufacturing Company, another Suzuki enterprise, owning factories in Korea and China as well as in Japan, and operating with a capital of one and one-half million dollars. During 1926 Japan's yarn exports fell off almost fifty per cent, on account of Chinese competition. On the other hand, exports of cotton cloth increased by about forty million yards. Commenting upon a statement in the London and New York press to the effect that Japan's banking system is based on sound principles and the position of public finance is very strong, the *Japan Chronicle* objects: 'That Japan's banking system is not sound is a matter of common knowledge to all Japanese financiers, and there are demands for reform; and to state that the position of public finance is very strong when a semiofficial bank suspends payment, and when proposals are before the Government to issue half a billion yen's worth of bonds to guarantee any losses the Bank of Japan may suffer in making advances to banks in difficulty, seems almost an insult to the intelligence of the country.'

*Japan's Difficulties*

Mexico is in the throes of a business crisis reported to be the worst in fifteen years, due largely to the fall in silver, which has lowered the country's purchasing power abroad and caused a rapid rise in domestic prices. President Calles has appointed a Government Commission with large authority to handle the situation.

*Latin America*

According to an article by a local writer in the *Colombian Trade Review*, Wall Street has not the same incentive to develop the natural resources of South America that the British, who supplied most of that continent's capital before the war, exhibited. Consequently some of the republics are trying to finance themselves to a greater extent than formerly from their own funds. Colombia, for example, is constructing out of Government revenues a railway through the Cauca Valley, one of the most fertile and productive regions in the country. The writer forgets to mention, however, that these 'Government revenues' are borrowed in New York.

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# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### *Defending Europe*

'HELL hath no fury like a Frenchman short-changed,' is certainly the first, and probably the final, reflection that will occur to the reader of Henri Massis's *Défense de l'occident.* The second installment of an abridged version of this intransigent attack on Oriental ideology was reprinted in the September 4, 1926, *Living Age* from T. S. Eliot's *New Criterion.* It is natural that this attack should come from a Frenchman, and that it should be leveled chiefly at Russia, for France bitterly repents all the bad debts she incurred with the Tsar's Government in pre-war days.

Given this matter-of-fact starting point, the book itself is a brilliant justification of the European spirit, especially as it is expressed in the history and teaching of the Church of Rome. The author's thesis is that Europe is menaced with destruction as a result of Asiatic ideas eating from within. Slavic mysticism, German philosophy, the writings of Maeterlinck and Romain Rolland, and various theosophical cults, embody this danger.

The book moves from West to East. Germany is the first point of attack, and, after various flings at Martin Luther as the original disturber of European harmony, M. Massis pitches into post-war Germany, comparing it unfavorably with the France of 1870, and blaming it for having succumbed to Spengler, Keyserling, and the Reds. Here, however, the author's enthusiasm rather runs away with him. The merest amateur of the German language will not be deeply impressed by the scholarship of a man who persistently writes *Abenland* for *Abendland,* or for a critic who finds a high common denominator between the theories of Spengler and of Lenin.

Yet it is not until he comes to Russia that M. Massis really lets himself go. 'A people without a history,' he calls them, 'five hundred years removed from barbarism.' With no Middle Ages behind them and no Catholic Church among them, the Russian people are alien to much that is finest in the European tradition. Peter the Great forced the country to turn to the West, but Lenin led it 'back to its sources,' and in the meanwhile Dostoevskii and Tolstoi accomplished their noxious task of infecting Europe with the irresponsible mysticism of Asia.

Moving on to India and China, we find the Asiatic idea fulfilled. Here life is regarded as a painful accident which we must worry through as best we may, under the protection of the sacred cow and the tutelage of filthy lamas. Why, demands M. Massis, should Europe give up its magnificent heritage of intelligence and self-respect for this kind of nonsense? In ridiculing Gandhi, Tagore, and Coomarswamy he hits the bull's eye every shot, but his placid assumption that the white man has brought sugar and spice and everything nice to the unfortunates of Asia flies wide of the mark. He is pained and indignant at the way Western ideals have been twisted by the Cantonese and Swarajists, and feels that the Roman Church provides the only way of reconciling East and West.

It would take a book fully as long as



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M. Massis's own to deal with the points that he raises. Suffice it to say here that, though he blows hot and cold on almost every page, there is an underlying consistency to his thesis. It is greatly to his credit that he avoids imaginary pictures of Chinese armies parading under the Arc de Triomphe, and that in supporting a reactionary point of view he does not fall into any of the romanticism of the Anglo-Saxon Die-hard. The book is forceful, intelligent, and readable. It is causing a stir in Europe, and may well become a sensation — in fact, it already has caused some commotion among the *cognoscenti*. Yet whatever triumph it enjoys will be more a triumph of technique than of theory.

### *War History Revised*

ALMOST simultaneously, England and Germany have cast new historical sidelights on the World War. Not only does Admiral Harper's book, *The Truth about Jutland*, contain all the information embraced in the original 'Harper Report' that no government has dared to publish since it was compiled in 1919, but we are also given the Admiral's own conclusions on a vexed subject. Winston Churchill remarked in his *World Crisis* that 'Jellicoe was the only man who could have lost the war in an afternoon,' and it is to disprove this theory of Jellicoe's incompetence and at the same time to explode the myth of Admiral Beatty's naval genius that Admiral Harper has written his book. He shows that Beatty lost the first round of the fight by dispersing his forces and holding his heavy ships so far from the field of action that they did not get into play nearly as soon as they should have done. Jellicoe, on the other hand, turned the scales in the opposite direction, and would, indeed, have wiped out the German fleet had not important information been withheld from him. His strategy against torpedo attacks, which has been criticized unfavorably by the Beatty-ites, turned out to have been exactly right, whereas Beatty's tactics were mistaken. The feelings of the supporters of the two rival admirals run high, and a first-rate official feud has been in progress ever since the day the battle was fought. Admiral Harper announces, 'To Jellicoe must go the verdict of that impartial referee — accurate history.' At present it looks as if the burden of proof were certainly on Jellicoe's side, which places Winston Churchill on the defensive. To date he has had nothing to say.

Meanwhile in Germany a Committee of the Reichstag has been conducting an elaborate investigation of German methods in the Great War which takes the form of a five-volume report. The *Manchester Guardian*, which would surely not be prejudiced in Germany's favor, but which would give credit where credit is due, says: 'The findings are of great value, even if many of them will be disputed in Allied and possibly in neutral countries. They do certainly appear to diminish the force of many charges made against Germany during the war, and it would be a matter of great interest and importance if they could be subjected to the criticism of non-German authorities on international law.'

The submarine warfare is shown to have been adopted only after England had laid down an illegal blockade, and poison gas was used only after the French had violated the law in the same respect. The treatment of prisoners in Germany can be matched by breaches on the Allied side, and can be explained by the food shortage caused by the illegal Allied blockade. Both sides also broke the laws that protect

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hospital ships. The inquiry into the violation of Belgian neutrality has not been completed, but certain military measures taken by Belgian civilians are shown to have been not wholly in accordance with the Hague conventions. Regarding the deportation of some of these Belgian civilians the committee remained undecided, a minority voting that it was a violation of international law.

### *A German War Film*

THE Germans are not ashamed of the World War and the mess they made, for they have cinematized it all, from the assassination at Serajevo to the signing of the Armistice. This great historical picture, produced by Ufa with the coöperation of the German Government, though a stupendous undertaking, was apparently within the range of the able German producers who have excelled in so many aspects of cinema technique.

Such a film might have been made from the point of view of the pacifist and shown nothing but the horrors of war; the militarist, on the other hand, would have stressed its glories; while the matter-of-fact producer would have emphasized the solution of tactical problems. But here we have a film which combines all three elements.

Finished presentation of detail and skillful use of analogy heighten the picture's dramatic value. The disastrous campaign in Flanders, for example, is depicted by the symbolic figure of Death riding on horseback through the fields. The Battle of the Marne is compared to a chess game which concludes with a hand sweeping off the chessmen. Other clever touches, such as the use of moving sketch-maps to depict the movements of troops and the course of battles, make this purely historical motion picture highly interesting and exciting. The climax is reached when the United States enters the conflict and 'the enormous resources of America turn the war against Germany.'

Although the film presents essentially the German point of view, it has not been done with the old-time arrogance and imperialism. Once again, however, the part played by the English has been forgotten or belittled, for nowhere in the picture are British troops shown in action — which has stung the pride of the English, already piqued by *What Price Glory?* But can the Germans be blamed for preferring to look upon an uhlan rather than a Scotch Highlander or a Coldstream Guardsman?

That Germany should have produced such a fair-minded picturization of the World War within ten years of its climax is remarkable. She is not proud of the prominent rôle she played; yet a foreword on the screen announces that even the late enemies of Germany no longer insist on her war guilt, and quotes Lloyd George to the effect that the World War was the inevitable consequence of the European system. This epic motion picture, which must be shown in three installments, may prove one of the great landmarks in the development of the cinema.

### *Communists and Christianity*

COMMUNISTS in France have been disturbed recently by the effort of Henri Barbusse to reconcile their theories with the teachings of Jesus Christ, for, while some of these jugglers of economic theory still seek to cling to the faith of their fathers, others shrink with horror at the mere mention of anything pertaining to religion.

M. Barbusse has been called the new mystic — a term which may denote either praise or blame. He maintains that Jesus was a revolutionary spirit

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who died for advanced ideas smacking of Communism. But modern Socialists like Pierre Naville object to having the materialistic theories of Marx allied to 'a ridiculous bourgeois philosophy.' The chief objection from a logical point of view appears to lie in the fact that Christian belief is too abstract to advance the cause of a collective and positive Communism.

This controversy closely resembles the course of thought pursued in his younger days by Karl Marx, who together with Engels spent many futile hours attempting to reconcile his logic with that of the Church. Marx eventually concluded that his theory should stand on its own feet, without the support of any religious crutch. Discussion on the subject has cropped up at irregular intervals. When Édouard Dolléans attempted to uphold the thesis that Socialism had its origins in Christianity, he was answered by Sorel, in *Matériaux pour une théorie du prolétariat.* Lenin also was opposed to seeing Christianity and Socialism go hand in hand, for he felt it would be dangerous to link a mystical religion to a revolutionary doctrine that required force and action. Likewise the Second International warned against uniting an economic objective with a religious belief.

Barbusse, it appears, feels that Communism can derive something from Christianity, and can at the same time turn this religion to the advantage of the working classes among whom it is so firmly rooted. Naville and the radical Russians believe, on the other hand, that such an alliance would not be safe; they fear that it would leave the masses weak, impractical, and mystical, and easy to lead astray from the glittering ideal of world revolution. They attempt to prove that Christianity is incompatible with Communism both in dialectics and in deeds.

### *Lindbergh*

So much has been said both here and abroad on the subject of Lindbergh that we are confining ourselves to quoting a number of characteristic comments on the significance of his exploit. On the Continent, where the sport craze has taken such hold since the war, his flight is hailed as a supreme triumph of sheer nerve. *Journal des Débats* takes pains to explain, however, that sport stands for 'something greater than and superior to the practice of physical exercises. It incarnates part of the heroic, idealistic aspirations of man, and has become one of the greatest moral forces of our time.' This paper hailed Lindbergh's feat as 'a work of art, something that is beautiful in itself, that elevates and transports, and that thereby assumes a character making it worthy of admiration.'

*L'Écho de Paris* proved that the French have learned the practice as well as the theory of sportsmanship. 'Lindbergh's exploit,' said this paper, 'deserves universal homage. All Parisians will wish to take part in it. We invite them to hang out flags in his honor. May our colors appear at our windows and at our balconies, side by side with the Star-Spangled Banner. We know what an enthusiastic welcome would have greeted Nungesser and Coli in New York had success crowned their admirable attempt. May our American friends know how whole-heartedly we associate ourselves with their joy, and with what satisfaction we share in their legitimate pride. May our flags salute Lindbergh's victory.'

*L'Ère Nouvelle* touched more romantically on Nungesser and Coli. 'If Lindbergh dared, it is because two French heroes opened to his eyes the immense perspectives of the routes of the future. Nungesser and Coli fell into the engulfing ocean so that he

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might lift himself successfully into the greatest enterprise that humanity has ever known.' Meanwhile *L'Humanité*, ever mindful of the impending social revolution, phrased its felicitations as follows: 'The press that celebrated an hysterical chauvinistic crisis some days ago on the strength of false news and glorified the "thoroughly French" aspect of Nungesser's and Coli's ill-starred expedition will not fail to raise the grandeur of Lindbergh's triumph above the level of nationalities. For our part, our position has not changed. In Lindbergh we salute A MAN — and one of the very first water. Millions and millions of people on both sides of the ocean to-day feel nearer to one another, more fraternal. And that is a revolutionary victory.'

The lighter aspects of the situation were played up strong by *Cyrano*. This paper asserts that the 'Flying Fool' is an absurd name — 'Call him the American, or the Reasonable Fool.' The young flyer's sobriety struck the French funny bone, and also called forth this neat compliment: 'He who has never been drunk or even so much as tasted alcohol will not even be intoxicated by his triumph.' Crossing the Place de la République Lindbergh's automobile was almost smashed up by one of those wild Paris taxis, and *Cyrano* remarked, 'This proves, in any case, that crossing our boulevards, like crossing the Atlantic, is not devoid of danger.'

Congratulations from England were mingled with references to Flight-Lieutenants Carr and Gilman, who were forced down in the Persian Gulf just an hour before Lindbergh landed in Paris. They had traveled 3400 miles on their attempted 4100-mile hop to India, thus beating the previous non-stop French record by some sixty miles. It was only sixty minutes later when their record, in turn, was superseded by Lindbergh's 3600-mile journey. Speaking of the latter feat, the *Times* remarked, 'In the fight with the forces of nature in the air, as in all the other combats of life, nothing, happily, can quell the daring and adventurous spirit that is instinct in man.' The voice of old England, however, can be more clearly discerned in this magnanimous tribute from the *Morning Post:* 'It is true he had luck, but it was the good fortune which reckless daring ever deserves, though it is seldom granted.'

German experts were full of praise for Lindbergh's equipment and technical knowledge. Lieutenant-Colonel Siegert, a former inspector of flying troops, remarked: 'Lindbergh is not the fool some people take him for. He knew how much greater his chances were than Nungesser's and Coli's, since he had the benefit of an almost constantly favoring wind from the west.' Willy Polte, one of the crack flyers in the German Luft Hansa, was as much impressed with Lindbergh's skill as with his nerve.

Perhaps the most characteristic tribute of all was that of the *Prager Tagblatt*, which speaks for nearly all Europe when it says: 'Lindbergh has accomplished his great deed. More he does not demand. It amused him to go without a visé. He represents American youth, laying small stock in formality and pompousness. Having conquered the blue band of the ocean, he probably whistles nonchalantly as he wears the red band of the Legion of Honor. Therefore we do more than praise Lindbergh — we must love him, and wish him more luck. He is twenty-five years old, and if he can overcome the dollar-chasers who are already fawning upon him with flowers and mash-notes, as successfully as he overcame the perils of the sea, then he will have done something finer still.'

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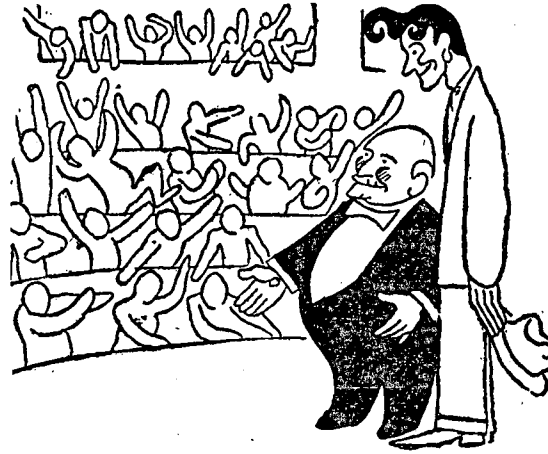
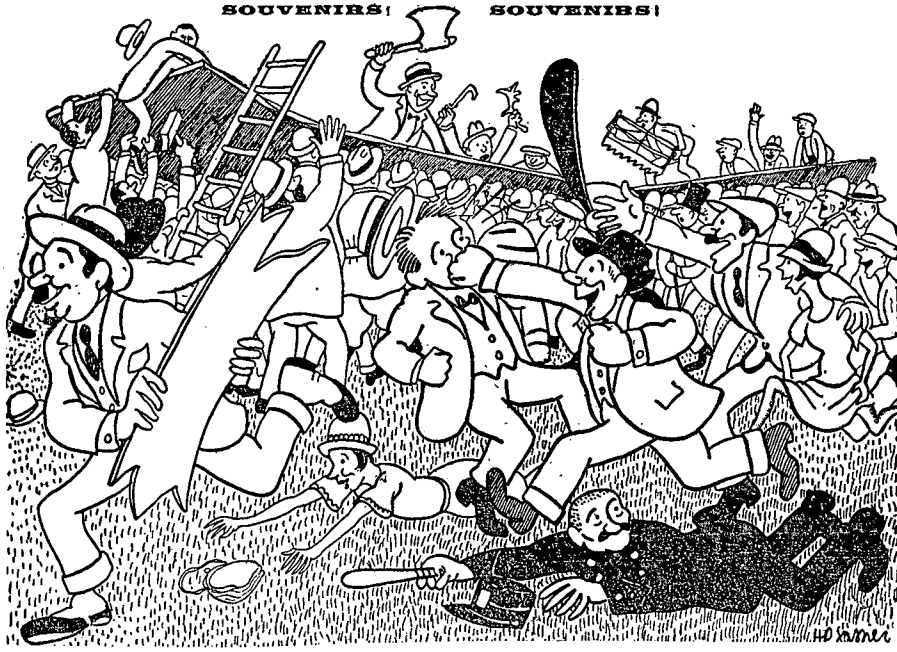
# LINDBERGH CARTOONS

ESCAPED !
— *De Notenkraker*, Amsterdam



(*At the Deputies*) 'Gee, what a majority !'
— *L'Ère Nouvelle*, Paris




'SMASH ! GRAB ! SHOW HOW WE LOVE HIM !' — *Cyrano*, Paris



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# BOOKS ABROAD

**The Great Delusion,** by Neon. London: Ernest Benn, 1927. 12*s.* 6*d.*
**Air Facts and Problems,** by Lord Thomson. London: Murray, 1927. 6*s.*

[*Nation and Athenæum*]

I think an air-balloon quite fairly can
Be made the emblem of a wicked man.

Lord Thomson has unearthed this charming couplet, but 'Neon' deserves to have written it. It is a happy coincidence that these two books appear at the same time. Lord Thomson was Secretary of State for Air in the late Labor Ministry; no one knows who 'Neon' is, — rumor asserts him to be a lady, — but he certainly identifies himself, even violently, with the interests of the Navy, and so the general public can act as umpire in a very pretty interdepartmental fight which has been waging for some years now. But the two books differ widely in scope and temper. Lord Thomson touches lightly and delicately on what may be called the naval complex: 'Few naval officers of the old school can rid themselves of the idea that high-water mark is continued vertically upward. . . . Once high-water mark is crossed, going seaward, Neptune's trident should reach up and hook the joy-stick.' 'Neon,' on the other hand, a Fundamentalist, has a mission to blast all aircraft — and particularly airships — from the face of the sky.

To this end he has amassed, with the amazing patience and absence of humor of the fanatic, an enormous quantity of quotations from every available source — everything, in fact, that has ever been said in public against aircraft, either here or in America, by admirals, politicians, pilots, engine designers, and Air ministers. They are thrown down without any perception of their relative importance, official reports, *obiter dicta*, pages from Hansard — truncated, if necessary, to imply the opposite of what the speaker intended. And, as everything can be made evidence if it is used in the right way, the leisurely survey flight in South Africa is taken as the standard of speed (Alcock's crossing of the Atlantic in sixteen hours is not mentioned); the Spaniard, Franco — a fine pilot — is sneered at because, having flown to South America safely, he did not attempt to return by air, but 'accepted passage in a destroyer' (he had been instructed to present his machine to the Argentine Government); and so on — these instances of a rather unscrupulous method are not specially chosen, there are dozens of others equally glaring.

Then, when he falls back on argument, 'Neon' exhibits a fundamental muddleheadedness which makes him almost impregnable. Misled perhaps by the claims of inventors, — who are notoriously optimistic, otherwise they would never invent anything, — he persists in taking for granted that the final development of airplanes and airships has been reached, and judges by the standard of perfection something which is still in the experimental stage. By the same token, he disapproves of wireless, but approves of trains. Here Lord Thomson may remind him that 'Queen Victoria refused to travel in a train. . . . She was finally persuaded to run the risk by the Prince Consort, who, himself, rarely left the railway station without admonishing the engine driver for having gone too fast.' On technical points 'Neon,' too, can be funny. Perhaps the gem is this quaint statement of the principle of flight: 'Approximately four-fifths of the total power installed is required to maintain the airplane and its load in the air against the law of gravity; about one-fifth remains to push or pull the load along.' Whereas, in sober fact, as thousands of people could have demonstrated to him on the back of an old envelope, it is the forward movement of the machine which maintains it in the air 'against the law of gravity.' After all, 'only Satan can rebuke sin; the good don't



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know enough.' Any pilot speaking at ease among his equals could say more damaging things about aircraft than can be found in this portentous, rather absurd volume. And doubtless 'Neon' would think he had conclusively damned aviation for all time.

With regard to the use of airplanes in war, *parti pris*, and ignorance of the elementary principles of strategy, make 'Neon's' observations on the inutility of airplanes for defense, attack, or reconnaissance negligible. He becomes, however, unpleasantly hypocritical when he pleads the 'sacrosanct' and traditional rights of the civil population as an argument against aerial bombardment and demands in the same breath that the Navy be 'given back its ancient right of blockade.' To attempt to keep the weapons of war out of date with the scientific discoveries of peace time is merely, in Lord Thomson's phrase, 'to compromise with evil,' and to make, moreover, a futile bargain which never has and never will be honored in the event. Not that 'Neon' is a pacifist — anything but; only his affection for the Navy has led him to entertain the grotesque idea that to starve out an enemy civil population is 'chivalrous' and to bomb it is wicked.

**Young Men in Love,** by Michael Arlen. London: Hutchinson; New York: George H. Doran Company, 1927. $2.50.

[T. Earle Welby in the *Saturday Review*]

PERHAPS the best summary test of a novelist is an examination of the incidents he invents to account for the relationship in which his characters stand at the opening of the story. In Mr. Arlen's new novel there is a young girl who is to be presented to us as incapable of taking very seriously a certain man among her friends. Mr. Arlen gives us his measure, roughly, when he accounts for the incapacity by inventing the incident of the girl walking by mischance into the man's bathroom and getting a back view of him.

'He can talk and bully all he likes,' she thought, 'but when one comes to think that he has a mole the size of half a crown on the right side of his behind it is quite impossible somehow to take him as a grown-up man.'

In the world of Mr. Arlen, it seems, relationships are determined not by our stars but by our sterns. The theory is not unrefreshing in its novelty, but Mr. Arlen is quite capable of seeing, shall I say, the other side of the matter. In his concluding pages, Serle, a character perhaps borrowed from *The New Machiavelli*, declares that 'a man does not stay all night with a Venetia' — Venetia being the girl who had viewed the other man's mole — 'and then pass on.' To be fair, Mr. Arlen's House of Life contains other rooms besides bed and bath. He has a knack of presenting interiors, has a real relish for luxurious settings, and, if his preference for an expensive atmosphere is to some of us rather trying, it must be acknowledged that he can create it. And his dreadful knowingness must not be allowed to irritate us into denying him some knowledge of the life he seeks to present to us. He really has observed certain contemporary types, whether worth observation or not; he does occasionally, for a page or two, succeed in reproducing that feverish, self-questioning, self-frustrated emotion to which, it seems, he would give the name love.

For Mr. Arlen at his best one may look at the description of the drive by night, along the Embankment, which Saville takes with Ysabel Fuller. There are some false touches in it, some very bad sentences; but he does get his effect. Indeed, he gets his effect quite often. The trouble is that the effect is seldom one worth striving after, and that Mr. Arlen has not even begun to understand how damaging to the general aim of a book momentary successes can be. Also, he grievously miscalculates in insisting on the claims of such ideas as visit him. There was a time, at the beginning of his career, when Mr. Arlen was evidently assiduous in reading Mr. George Moore; now he seems to have been reading Mr. Wells. He falls as far short of the one model as of the other. In such a book as *The New Machiavelli* there really was a good deal of cerebral excitement; the political and social ideas, whatever their value would have been in actual life, were justified in fiction because the persons entertaining them did so vividly. But with Mr. Arlen such ideas appear to be intro-

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duced merely when he remembers that politicians, financiers, young men and women upset by the war, must show that they have opinions. It is unfortunate, for among a great mass of baseless generalizations and platitudes dressed up as paradoxes there are a few shrewd things. It is intelligent to perceive that the English still expect a political leader to be a politician only incidentally; it is intelligent to remark that in England being other than English by origin provides, as it were, a background against which a man may venture to be quite professional about politics, and is the equivalent of being a great landowner, or in big business, or an adept in some sport.

I have read but few of Mr. Arlen's books, and must not venture to sum up his work as a whole. But in this latest novel, at any rate, I find him suffering from inability to understand that the importance of sexual facts depends on the importance of the persons concerned. His lechers are ineffective in what they take to be love because they would be ineffective in anything. Fit subjects for a compassionate irony, they are treated by him as if it deeply mattered which of them slept with which. There, even more than in his frequent bad taste, his flashy and slovenly style, his assumption of complete knowledge of the world, his melodramatic tricks, is the explanation of his failure.

**The Indecisiveness of Modern War, and Other Essays,** by J. Holland Rose. London: G. Bell and Sons, 1927. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE subjects of these essays, a list of which is given below, cannot fail to attract those who are interested in the Navy, which ought to mean all educated English men and women. The various subjects are treated with the fullness of knowledge, the accuracy and the freedom from bias, which are the marks of all that comes from the pen of the Cambridge Professor of Naval History. To those who are trying to clear their minds about the conduct of the last war the most interesting studies will be that of Admiral Duckworth's expedition to Constantinople and those on the indecisiveness of modern warfare at sea and on land. The omission by the Committee which decided to send the expedition to the Dardanelles of all consideration of Duckworth's failure appeared to me at the time amazing. It did not seem right, before the expedition started, to criticize the action of the Government. But in May 1915, in order to make intelligible to the public the difficulties with which our sailors and soldiers were contending, I published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a translation of Moltke's account of the defenses of the Dardanelles and of Duckworth's expedition. Moltke's letter was written in 1836; the events of 1915 justified his opinion, and Dr. Rose's essay confirms the accuracy of his account of Duckworth's failure.

Dr. Holland Rose uses the word 'indecisive' to indicate that in the last war the result achieved bore no proportion to the mass of forces employed and the loss of life and treasure incurred. It can hardly be correct to regard these characteristics, except the vastness of the resources employed, as peculiar to modern war. The first Punic War lasted twenty-three years and ended in a postponement of the issue. The War of the Austrian Succession lasted twice as long as the late war with even less result. The real contrast is perhaps between Napoleon's wars up to 1809 and the late war, in which there was no parallel to Napoleon's brilliant victories. But, after all, none of Napoleon's victories had a permanent result; they were counterbalanced by his ultimate failure. Crushing blows like those of Frederick, Napoleon, and Nelson have usually implied a brilliant commander and a specially trained army on one side against incompetent generals and neglected armies on the other. These conditions were hardly those of the late war. The end would probably have come sooner and cost less on land if the Allies had realized that trench warfare meant siege warfare, and had employed engineers rather than cavalry officers as commanders; and at sea, if the Admiralty had understood that there is no 'command of the sea' so long as the adversary has 'a fleet in being.'

It is peculiarly interesting to note the conclusion, drawn from his review of the

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past by Dr. Holland Rose, that 'it is a mistake for the leading sea Power to start vast and costly innovations in ship construction.' This means that Sir Reginald Custance and Admiral Mahan were right when they deprecated Lord Fisher's dreadnought policy, and that the historical school better understands war than the devotees of *matériel*.

Here are the titles of the essays: The Indecisiveness of Modern Naval War; The Indecisiveness of Modern Land Warfare; Plans of Invasion of the British Isles; The Struggle for the Mediterranean in the Eighteenth Century; The Influence of Sea Power on Indian History, 1746–1802; Napoleon and Sea Power; The Prophetic Instinct in Nelson; The State of Nelson's Fleet before Trafalgar; The British Title to Malta; Admiral Duckworth's Failure at Constantinople in 1807.

**Eros the Slayer; Two Esthonian Tales,** by Aino Kallas. Translated from the Finnish by Alex Matson. London: Jonathan Cape, 1927. 6*s*.

[*Morning Post*]

MADAME KALLAS, the wife of the Esthonian Minister, is already known here by her volume, *The White Ship*. Her new book comprises two tales of beautiful artistry. The first, 'Barbara von Tisenhusen,' tells how the highborn damsel of that name in Livland four hundred years ago, having suffered great *mutatio*, or change of mind, did love one Franz Bonning, a traveling merchant and scrivener from Brunswick, employed in the castle of her aunt, Anna von Tödwen, and fled with him in his sleigh. Being pursued by all the young knights of the Tisenhusens, she was seized, but her lover escaped, and with his own hands her brother, the Knight Jürgen, drowned Barbara in the opening made in the ice of Lake Vörtsjärv. Seeking vengeance for which deed, the scrivener was as a sourge that passed through the land, and became a chieftain, to whom the King of Poland gave a safe-conduct, that he might have justice done to him against those by whom his blessed and beloved one was miserably drowned. The second, and longer, tale of 'The Rector of Reigi' is also that of a woman's passion, and the terrible sentence executed upon her; only in this case the loves of the Rector's wife, Catharina Wycken, and the Deacon, Jonas Kempe, are embedded in the story of the Rector's unhappy experiences, like unto Job's, from the ultimate bliss and consolations of which they reach us with the fragrance of the Rector's own forgiveness. It is difficult to convey to the reader an idea of the simplicity and breadth — the measure — in Madame Kallas's story-telling, its intensity and grace at once, and the envelope of significance enclosing it.

✤

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# OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

**Autobiographies: Reveries over Childhood and Youth, and The Trembling of the Veil,** by William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927. $3.50.

MANY people undoubtedly feel that Yeats has reached his highest achievement in *Autobiographies*, for simplicity and an utter lack of pretentiousness run through the volume. In the earlier part we are given a glimpse of the poet's boyhood in his grandparents' home in Ireland — days of which he says, 'It seems as if time had not yet been created, for all thoughts connected with emotion and place are without sequence.' Schooldays, often unhappy, but with their moments of triumph, complete the picture of these days.

In 'The Trembling of the Veil' Yeats tells of his days in London, Paris, and Dublin. He was destined to meet virtually all the outstanding literary and artistic figures of the time, as well as those whose interests were wrapped up in Irish politics. Henley, Wilde, Symons, Le Gallienne, and so on — not one is missing. Naturally the poet has much to say of Madame Blavatsky and her teachings. From the time that her influence first touched him his whole philosophy received an impulse in a definite direction. His mystical experiences and experiments are touched upon in a singularly beautiful manner, an accentuation of the spirit which permeates every page of the book.

**Messages,** by Ramond Fernandez. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927. $3.50.

HERE are to be found, translated into typewriter English, firstly, a bibliography of contemporary French criticism, and secondly, clothed in a phraseology of Kantian pomposity, a critic — a critic doing yeoman's service against 'that mixture of excitability and philosophical laziness characterizing the modern mind.' Most yeomen seem only to thin down their causes to vagueness. Fernandez, as in the quoted characterization, often presents a pristine clarity of thought for the inspection of his superior officers. But, commendable as are these essays, in which Meredith is preferred to Proust and Cardinal Newman to either, the cause is constantly embarrassed by the zeal of the convert.

He is particularly taken by the more fantastic aspects of the French programme, the dialectical substitution of psychology for morals and of æsthetics for metaphysics. He claims that 'the fideism of Newman, if it is to be truly coherent, autonomous, and positive, must imply that the believer creates the object of his belief.' Now to believe in Newman because he gives a recipe for inducing belief is simple-minded; while to declare that 'the artistic object resists all attempts of assimilation to the fancies of the subject' is merely to say, 'I believe in Art,' as others say, 'I believe in God.' Subjective fideism and objective æsthetics do not cohere.

Fernandez does not know what he is talking about; to use, as he uses, a distinction of Newman's, — a distinction for which the Methodists must be given their due, — he does not *really* know: he only knows *abstractly*.

**The Prodigious Lover,** by Louis Barthou. Translated by Henry Lewis Brock. New York: Duffield and Company, 1927. $2.50.

IF all mankind love a lover, Wagner will attain a new posthumous popularity with readers of the great musician's amatory adventures told with such gusto by M. Barthou. There is inevitably a slight sameness in the tale of Richard Wagner's love for Minna, Jessie, Mathilde, Cosima, *et al.*, yet in following the path of his true love, which never did run smooth, we find a story more readable than many novels.



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The love of this great man is all interwoven with his music, and a touch of human interest is added to our admiration for his genius when we discover just what particular strain or motif in an opera was inspired by the 'Influence' of the moment. The Prodigious Lover — being also a Prodigious Genius — is inadequately treated as an object of smiles or sighs, rather than of censure or blame, but his tempestuous temperament and passion-tossed soul are handled in these pages with all the seriousness to be expected of a former Premier of France.

The Operatic Hero quite justifies his definition of himself as an 'Adorer of Women,' and we are so enthralled by each new romance that it is with a distinct sense of disappointment that we realize there can be no more parades of passion after his final union with the daughter of Liszt and wife of von Bülow. The climax of Cosima's career was also the grand finale of Wagner's.

**A Wreath of Cloud,** by Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927. $3.50.

A PARTICULAR pleasure attaches to the realization that the third volume of a tale maintains the same high standard of excellence as did its predecessors, and this is the case with *The Tale of Genji.* In *A Wreath of Cloud* we have reached a time in Genji's life when he is rather consolidating his conquests than reaching out for new captives. It is a less impulsive, more balanced Prince who appears, a man in his early thirties, with many personal and state responsibilities. The period of exile is over, and Genji has become the most powerful man in the country, able to dispense patronage to all his dependents.

For quite extended passages Genji does not appear at all, and in others he is of minor importance, for in this section of the tale the author rather gathers together the threads that were left hanging in the earlier part, and prefers to calm the turbulence of the Prince's youth rather than introduce fresh escapades. The great exception is the reappearance of Tamakatsura, last seen as a little girl of three or four years, who is obviously destined to play an important part in the later development of Genji's career. Never has the author been more graceful and sure in her touch than in the picture she paints of this beautiful girl. If the first part of *The Tale of Genji* had the excitement of amorous escapades, and *The Sacred Tree* the tragedy and wildness of banishment, the third part is equally good in its account of the calm and dignity which attached to his restoration to power.

**Mr. Fortune's Maggot,** by Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. $2.00.

MR. FORTUNE is an earnest if not very forceful English missionary who feels a call to the beautiful tropical island of Fanua. There he makes but one convert, who, he subsequently discovers, has assumed the rôle as the facile price of his companionship. The plot involves the missionary's loss of his religion, his gradual adoption of the islanders' life, and the loss and recovery of the true god of his convert, Lueli. The pitfall of overburdened and ponderous psychology is avoided, thanks to the author's piquant originality.

Miss Warner's mind is so dædal that one hesitates to assert anything of her beliefs, but she advocates with conviction the slogan, 'Have 'em, love 'em, and leave 'em.' Mr. Fortune sadly takes leave of his dear friend Lueli on discovering that, though he no longer desires to convert the native son to Christianity, he cannot trust himself not to meddle and not to mould more nearly to his heart's desire the object of his civilized spoilsport love.

The book has a warp of childlike naïve imaginings woven with a woof of witty and mocking sophistication. It is bewildering and irritating to be so completely ignored and left in the dark as regards the author's intents and purposes — whether they be grave or gay, fantastic or symbolic. Once this irritation is conquered, however, nothing but novel and stimulating entertainment remains. The book proves as charming and as impossible to wrench into any satisfactory conformity as the islanders themselves.

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# DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

No he-man should ever be content.
— *Colonel Wedgwood*

* * *

If a man does n't know when he looks a fool, he is obviously in a pea-soup fog concerning himself. — *H. A. Vachell*

* * *

Lord Birkenhead's cigars grow longer and longer. A giant smoke believed to be nineteen inches long has been provided for him to smoke at the banquet at the Piccadilly Hotel with the Tobacco Trade Exhibition and Congress. One of the organizers of the Exhibition said: 'Every delegate will be handed an adequate ration of cigars for the banquet. By that we mean four cigars each. The cigarette will be tolerated, but the cigar will be encouraged, because it is the emblem of dignity and importance.'
— *Westminster Gazette*

* * *

The words of a High Court judge, spoken years ago, remain true: 'In this country justice is open to all — like a Ritz hotel.'
— '*A Solicitor*' *in the* '*Saturday Review*'

* * *

Four and twenty Yankees,
Feeling very dry,
Went into Canada
For a little rye.
When the rye was opened
They began to sing,
'Who the hell is Coolidge?
God save the King.'
— *Sir Arbuthnot Lane*

* * *

It was at the first night of a comedy that later proved quite successful. When the performance was over, the actor who played the leading part named the various people who were responsible for the play's success. The author and his collaborators were applauded in turn, and last of all the actor announced, 'And the scenery comes from Mr. So-and-So.'

At which point one of the critics murmured quietly, 'And the applause comes from his family.' — *Cyrano*

* * *

America is a very large country. It is tremendously prosperous. Over there you get money almost for the asking. Money is flowing through the place. — *J. Ramsay MacDonald*

* * *

There are whole poems of Shelley that amount to no more than saying it is a fine day.
— *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

The forgiveness of war debts will only make it easier for any of the countries forgiven to start cheerfully on some new war. There is a great deal to be said for the Shylock attitude. If wars have to be paid for there will be much more hesitation before starting on wars in the future.
— *Irish Statesman*

* * *

My secret as a dramatic author, the secret of that extraordinary knowledge of women which enchants the whole world, is that I have always assumed that woman is not a special creation, but that she is a human being, very much like myself. — *Bernard Shaw*

* * *

Real Christianity is a revolutionary idealism which estranges conservatives because it is revolutionary, and the revolutionary because it is idealistic. — *Dean Inge*

* * *

It is absurd that every Italian should have the vote simply because he has completed twenty-one years of life. Only those who work and produce should have the vote. — *Benito Mussolini*

* * *

The duty of a rich Socialist is to make more Socialists, and not to make a fool of himself by adding one more to the poverty list.
— *J. R. Clynes*

* * *

I know Labor leaders who have made more money than capitalists, and they did not get it from their salaries. — *A. J. Cook*

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# EVENTS ABROAD: AUGUST 1–15

BELGIUM

Festival at Ypres, August 7.

Petit Béguinage Procession at Ghent, August 15.

CORSICA

Parish fête and celebration at Calvi, August 15.

ENGLAND

Bank holiday, and Cowes Regatta opens, August 1.

Lady Godiva's Procession at Coventry, August 2.

Madresfield Flower Show at Droitwich, August 4.

Regatta at Paignton, August 9.

ESTHONIA

Commercial and Industrial Exhibition opens at Reval, August 13.

FRANCE

Theatrical representations in the ancient Gallic-Roman arena at Saintes, August 1 to 15.

Procession of the Mystères de la Passion at Roquebrune, August 5.

International Regatta at Royan, August 6 to 14.

Night fêtes in the Casino park at Luxeuil-les-Bains, August 6 to 15.

Paris-to-Calais Bicycle Race, August 7.

International Horticultural Exposition at Avesnes, August 7.

Polo at Le Touquet-Paris-Plage, August 8 to 16.

Fêtes des drapiers at Vire, Normandy, August 10.

Children's Fête at Châtelguyon, August 14.

Sailing Regatta at Annecy, August 14 and 15.

Festival of Notre Dame de la Garde, at Marseille, August 15.

Night fête in the public gardens at Loches, August 15.

Regatta at Nantes, August 15.

GERMANY

Convention of the League for the Protection of the Beauties of Nature, at Kassel, August 1 to 3.

Main Golf Tournament at Bad Salzbrunn, August 3 to 10.

Workers Championship at Berlin, August 6 and 7.

Women's Championships, Estafette and Zehnkampf, at Breslau, August 6 and 7.

International Motorcycle Races at Kolberg, August 6 and 7.

St. Lawrence Day at Nuremberg, August 10.

Light Athletic Championship of the German Society of Athletes, at Berlin, August 13 and 14.

International Sample Fair opens at Königsberg, August 15.

HUNGARY

Christian Endeavor World Conference at Budapest, August 8.

ICELAND

Thorrablot, or First Day of Summer celebration, August 2.

IRELAND

Opening of Dublin Horse Show, August 2.

ITALY

Festival at San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome, August 1.

Great Festival at Assisi, August 1.

St. Dominic Fête at the Minerva, Rome, August 4.

St. Philomena celebrated in Florence, Naples, and Venice, August 10.

Fair of Monteluce at Perugia, August 13.

Pilgrimages to Sta. Maria delle Grazie, near Mantua; to Sacro Monte, Varollo; and to Massa Lubrenze, near Sorrento, August 15.

Festivals at the Church of the Madonna de Soviori, Spezia; and at Capo-di-Monte, Naples, August 15.

Festival of La Vara, Messina, August 15.

LUXEMBURG

Official Commercial Fair opens, August 13.

NORWAY

Pageant Days begin of Charter Centennial celebrations at Lillehammer, August 7.

POLAND

Rowing Regatta at Rydgoszoz, August 7.

RUSSIA

Annual Sample Fair opens at Nizhni Novgorod, August 1.

SPAIN

St. Lawrence Day at Madrid, August 10.

Official International Sample Fair opens at Gijon, August 15.

SWEDEN

Swedish Commercial Fair opens at Malmo, August 1.

Coöperative Wholesale Society Conference opens at Stockholm, August 15.

SWITZERLAND

Confederation Day, August 1.

Fêtes des Vignerons opens at Vevey, August 1 to 10.

International Conference of Practical Christianity at Lausanne, August 1.

World Conference on Faith and Order, at Lausanne, August 3.



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